

Soul Swapped

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/25934464) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/25934464>.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF , Dreamwastaken , GeorgeNotFound - Fandom , Sapnap - Fandom , Badboyhalo , Dream Team- Fandom
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream & GeorgeNotFound & Darryl Noveschosch & Sapnap
Character:	GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Darryl Noveschosch , Original Characters , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	kinda soulmate AU , and they were ROOMMATES , quite chaotic , kind of one shots with a plot , No Smut , Friends to Lovers , eventually , it takes a while , sapnap and bad are also there , Fluff , Hurt/Comfort , Hugs , Light Angst , body swapped
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of mcyt stories
Stats:	Published: 2020-08-16 Completed: 2020-09-06 Chapters: 16/16 Words: 35789

Soul Swapped

by [raquelli](#)

Summary

Dream and George, two best friends living together with Sapnap. They've gotten used to each other, quirks and all. That is, until during one seemingly ordinary pizza night with BadBoyHalo, when their lives get switched up on them...

Notes

Hey so this is entirely inspired by a fanart I saw of Dream and George wearing each others' hoodies, I thought it would be fun to explore and here we are... the way I would describe this fic is one shots with a plot, so if you have any ideas you want to see written in this "AU" feel free to tell me in the comments! Enjoy <3

Chapter 1

Knock Knock.

“Bad’s here!” yelled Sapnap as he jogged to open the front door to his apartment. He opened the door to see a smiling BadBoyHalo, which he and his friends nicknamed Bad, holding a couple pizza boxes.

“Hey Sapnap! Sorry I’m a little late, I thought I’d stop by and grab some pizzas for our movie night.” Sapnap grinned, “you know us too well.” he said as Bad stepped into the apartment.

Sapnap and Bad made their way through to the sitting room, where Sapnap’s other two roommates, Dream and George, were sat on the couch. They both greeted Bad cheerfully, and were similarly happy to see the pizza Bad had brought.

The four men settle on the two couches, and put on a movie. They weren’t really watching it however, as they were more focused on eating the pizza and catching up, seeing as Bad had been away until quite recently.

“So what have you been up to?” Dream asked Bad.

“Oh, you know, seeing family, going shopping, buying random things, playing with cousins, the usual.” Bad then remembered something. “Actually, one of the things I bought when I was shopping with my nephew was this little book, it’s from a kids magic shop, I thought it’d be funny to read some of it with you guys.” Bad gestured to the book in the bag he had brought with him.

“Go on then, cast a spell on me.” Dream joked with a smile. Bad chuckled as he flipped the book open. It was a small book, with a brightly decorated cover, although the pages seemed quite old and well thumbed through. It was almost as if the cover had been repainted to preserve it.

“Ok ok, here’s one.” Bad put on a deep voice, trying to be intimidating.

“Two souls connected, bound together by fate.

Their hearts heavy, carrying the same unspoken weight

May their bodies be switched, to teach a lesson or in jest,

And as the soul swapping occurs, let their minds be at rest.”

The four laughed, Dream pretended to fall under a trance and went limp, causing George to poke him in mild concern, giving Dream the perfect opportunity to spring to life and tickle George, much to the other’s disapproval.

“D- dream.. st- stop...” George wheezed out between gasps for air as the other tackled him and tickled his sides. After a short while, a lot of play fighting, and a lot of laughs from Sapnap and Bad who made no move to help George, Dream released George, claiming innocently it was the spell that made him do it.

They settled back down again, and turned their attention to the movie, which was almost finished.

Dream sat back in the couch next to George, breathing deeply after their play-fight. He tried to focus on the movie but as much as he tried, he couldn’t shake a powerful wave of tiredness creeping through his body. He was unsure why he suddenly felt so tired, seeing as it wasn’t even late for him, and he was so used to staying up to the early hours of the morning.

Dream decided that the best thing to do was to head to his room while he still had some energy and get ready for bed. He stood up and told the other three.

“I’m going to head to my room, I’m getting pretty tired. See you guys tomorrow.” The others nodded and mumbled their goodnights, still focusing on the movie.

George watched as the tall male made his way out of the sitting room and towards his room. He couldn’t help but watch, as creepy as it sounded. He took in his tall, well built frame, the way his arms hung tiredly at his sides, the way he swayed unsteadily in the hallway outside his room.

Wait. What?

George studied Dream as the younger male stopped just before his room, swaying. That didn’t look right.

“Dream are you- Dream!” George exclaimed as he watched the taller male crumple to the floor

with a thud. Sapnap and Bad's heads snapped away from the movie to where the noise was heard. Startled, the three other men leapt to their feet and rushed over to Dream, Sapnap in the lead, with Bad and George not far behind.

Sapnap and Bad knelt next to Dream, with George standing not too far behind. Sapnap checked to see if Dream was breathing, which thankfully, he was.

"I think he might have passed out from exhaustion, he's still breathing and he looks relaxed." Sapnap said to the other two. "George, can you go and get Dream a glass of water from the..." Sapnap trailed off as his gaze turned to George and he took in the older male's behaviour.

George, similar to Dream moments before, was swaying dizzily. His eyes glassy, he looked completely out of it. Sapnap and Bad gasped as George too, fell to the floor, unconscious.

Sapnap and Bad were speechless. There was a lot running through their minds. Were they next? What was going on? How was it possible that both Dream and George pass out within minutes of each other?

Bad was the first to come to his senses. He quietly moved towards George to check that he was breathing and as comfortable as he could be, having just collapsed onto a hard floor.

"You don't think it was the book, do you?" Bad suggested tentatively, as he quickly checked George to make sure he hadn't hurt himself as he fell. Sapnap silently shook his head dismissively.

"No, of course not. It's just a stupid kids book. They were both probably really tired. Dream said so before he left, and George and I were up until like 3am this morning editing together." Sapnap brushed off Bad's comment and stood up.

"We need to try and get them somewhere comfortable. I say we get Dream into his room seeing as it's just a few steps from here, and George can have the couch. You and me can share my room, I have a spare mattress." The two men got up and as quietly as they could, they maneuvered Dream's sleeping body into his room and onto his bed. One down. One to go.

Sapnap and Bad picked up George, which proved difficult due to the rag-doll state he was currently in, and with a few minutes of effort, they had moved him back onto the couch.

Satisfied with their efforts, Sapnap and Bad then turned off the TV, leaving George in peace, and they headed to Sapnap's room to get some rest. They could figure out what had happened tomorrow morning.

Dream stirred from his sleep, slowly taking in his surroundings. He could hear Sapnap talking to him.

"-eorge, come on buddy, its like almost midday! Come get something to eat." Dream mumbled sleepily and heard Sapnap's footsteps heading towards the kitchen.

As Dream sat up, he noted a few things. One, he was still on the couch. Weirdly enough, he couldn't remember much from last night, only a few fuzzy memories of eating pizza and tickling George. Dream assumed he had just fallen asleep on the couch and the others had just left him to rest. Two, as he rubbed his eyes and got up to head to the kitchen, he went over what Sapnap had just said to him. He could have sworn that Sapnap had called him George. It was a weird mistake for his friend to make, having lived with him for almost a year now.

Dream didn't ponder it for long, as he sauntered into the kitchen, nodding at the younger male who gave him a smile in return, and slid him a coffee across the counter.

"Dude, we were worried about you last night, you looked like you were really knocked out." Sapnap said as Dream took a long drink of his coffee. It was starting to bug him that he couldn't remember the events of the night before. He shrugged in response to Sapnap, more focused on trying to wake himself up.

"Oh by the way, Bad went back home to drop some things off and take care of his dog. He said he might come back here later." Sapnap told Dream, to which the other nodded in understanding, still too tired to use his voice.

Dream rubbed his eyes again, trying to shake the feeling of lethargy, briefly noticing the third roommate slouch into the kitchen, looking equally as tired. The other male didn't immediately notice him, instead nodding a greeting to Sapnap. Dream finally looked up at George, but his face drained of colour as his eyes took in what he was seeing.

What he was seeing, wasn't George, like he had been expecting. What he was seeing, was himself.

He was looking at Dream.

“George, you good buddy?” Dream heard Sapnap say, “You look as though you’ve seen a ghost.” But Dream was too fixated on the other man standing in front of him, who was looking at Sapnap with a quizzical expression on his face. The man then seemed to notice that Dream was in the room and turned to look at him.

George gasped, as he followed Sapnap's line of sight. He had thought it was weird that Sapnap had addressed him but was looking at Dream. Then he realised what he was seeing. Sapnap had been looking at George. *George* was looking at George. The man sat at the counter across from him, staring at him with a deathly pale face, was George.

“What is with you two? Am I missing something?” Sapnap tried to break the intense silence.

George wracked his brain to try and remember something, anything that would explain this situation. He remembered waking up that morning to Sapnap’s voice telling him to get up, and the first thing he had noticed was that he was in Dream’s room, with no memory of how he had got there. He had shrugged the thought off and walked to the kitchen, but now, as he stood, looking at himself and Sapnap, maybe it wasn’t too weird that he had been in Dream’s room.

George looked down at his own body. To his surprise, he saw a tall, well built frame, with thin, slender arms and larger hands. He moved his hands to feel his face and hair. He felt longer, smoother hair. His mouth fell open in shock. He was in Dream’s body.

He looked back up to his other roommates. Sapnap looked entirely confused, while the other male looked similarly as shocked as George, seemingly going through the same emotions. He too, was looking down at his body, taking it in, feeling his hair in utter bewilderment.

George had put the pieces together. He took a shaky breath to try to calm himself, and he turned to Sapnap.

“Sapnap I-” George stopped in surprise as he realised that even his voice was Dream’s. He took another breath and tried again.

“Sapnap, you’re probably not going to believe me, but... I’m George.” Sapnap’s eyes widened, but George wasn’t finished. He turned back to look at his own body. “And that...” He gestured to his body sitting across from him.

“That’s Dream.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Sapnap comes to terms with his two other roommates switching bodies, and Dream suddenly remembers a family commitment he'd agreed to not too long ago...

Chapter Notes

I hope you're all able to understand who's who when I'm describing everyone, it's incredibly confusing for me so I can't imagine what someone from an outside perspective might be thinking, but as long as you understand that Dream looks and sounds like George, and George looks and sounds like Dream, then you should be good :)

“So you’re telling me,” said Sapnap, “that you,” he pointed to Dream’s body, “are George... and you,” he gestured to George’s body, “are Dream?” The two men nodded slowly, still coming to terms with it themselves.

“This is.... this is crazy.” Sapnap shook his head in disbelief, leaning back into the couch they were now all sat on.

“We need to figure out what caused this, why it happened, and how to reverse it... and fast.” Dream crossed his arms, a worried look crossing his face as he remembered something.

George picked up on the other’s change in attitude. “What is it? Why do you look so scared?”

Dream shifted his gaze to look at George. He was still coming to terms with looking at his own face when he addressed the older male. It felt like he was talking to a clone, yet he obviously wasn’t himself either. He guessed George would be feeling the same. After a second, Dream realised he was just staring at George, who’s expression was becoming impatient. He remembered what he was going to say, the feeling of worry coming back to him.

“We need to sort this out fast because... because...well, you remember a few weeks back I said I’d go see my family for a few days just before Christmas?” Dream watched George’s expression drop in horror.

“Yeah.. that’s about a week from now...” Both Dream and George knew what this meant. George was also highly aware that he had made plans to go back to England to see his family over Christmas as well. Luckily for him, Christmas was just over a month away, so he wasn’t as concerned as he was about Dream.

They sat in worried silence. Sapnap, who was slowly catching on, broke the silence.

“So.. you’re saying that if we can’t figure out how to reverse whatever happened to you guys, George is gonna have to go to stay with Dream’s family for a few days?” Sapnap was answered by two silent nods.

After a couple minutes of thoughtful quiet, Sapnap broke the silence again.

“Right, well we’re not solving anything sitting here moping.” Sapnap stood up, looking around for his phone. “I’m going to call Bad, maybe he can give us another perspective of last night.”

Sapnap left the room, leaving Dream and George to their thoughts. In a week’s time, George would have to go and see Dream’s family, and while he knew Dream’s family fairly well, this time it was different, this time he’d have to *be Dream*. It felt wrong, like he was stealing an identity, but he didn’t have much of a choice. George thought about everything he’d have to remember, names of extended family, inside jokes, Dream’s mannerisms, Dream’s relationships with each of his family members... there was no way he could do it. But then, he had an idea.

“Wait, why don’t you just come with me?” Dream looked confused by George’s question at first, then he remembered.

“You mean, come with you to see my family?” George nodded.

Dream considered the proposition. He and George both knew that there wasn’t enough time for George to be ready to face Dream’s family alone. There were twenty years worth of family relationships, inside jokes and history for the older male to learn, in one week. If Dream went with George, he could help him as problems arose, and keep him calm if he got flustered or did something wrong. Plus, it meant that he could be with George where ordinarily he’d be with his family on his own.

“That sounds like an idea... and I guess we don’t really need to explain me being there, seeing as

you've been over loads of times before." Dream voiced his thoughts. "It'll probably be better if I don't tell them I'm coming with you, though." The two nodded in agreement. Even though the topic hadn't come up, they had both decided that they didn't want to tell anyone about this situation they were in. The fewer people who knew, the less stressful it would be, and the less likely the fans were to find out.

"So it's decided? I'll teach you as much as I can about my family in the time we have left, and I'll come with you just in case you need moral support." George nodded, looking visibly less anxious now that he knew Dream would be there to help him.

"Let's just hope we don't have to actually use this plan, and we can switch us back before." The two fell into silence once more, their thoughts drifting back to current concerns.

It was at this moment that Sapnap walked back in, having just got off the phone with Bad.

"Alright, so Bad's coming over as soon as he can. Hopefully he can help us figure this out." Sapnap sat back down on the couch again. "Did you guys figure out what to do about seeing Dream's family?"

"Yeah, he's gonna take me with him so I can help him when we're there." Dream explained.

Sapnap nodded in understanding. He then looked up at the other two males, eyes switching from one to the other.

"You good?" Dream prompted.

"Yeah, it's just.. man, it's gonna be hard to get used to hearing George's voice whenever you're speaking, Dream. And the other way round." Sapnap chuckled. "After all the years I've known you, and then after finally being able to put a face to a voice... now it's all been switched up on me." Dream hadn't thought about that. He'd been so focused on himself and George, that he hadn't really considered how weird it would be from an outside perspective. From the look of it, George seemed to be having the same realisations.

"Anyway," Sapnap changed the subject. "Bad should be here any minute. I didn't tell him much, so you'll have to do most of the explaining. He said he's gonna bring that book, he seems to think it has something to do with it." Sapnap stood up again. "I'm making coffee, you guys want anything?" Sapnap left the room again after the other two declined his offer, heading for the

kitchen.

Dream and George sat together, once again thinking. Their minds were racing, thinking about all the things they'd have to adapt to. How would they record videos? What about if any friends came over, or wanted to record? There were so many things that would have to change in order to keep this whole thing lowkey.

One thing was for sure, this was going to be a crazy experience for the both of them.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Bad comes over and the four of them get to the bottom of Dream and George's mysterious switch....

Chapter Notes

So this is the last "introduction" chapter, after this it's kind of just ideas I had that I thought would be fun to explore. Thank you all for the kudos and comments <3 and I hope that you're all enjoying what you're reading. Let me know if there's anything I can do to improve, or if you have a chapter idea!

Knock Knock.

Sapnap felt a sense of déjà vu as he went to answer the door to Bad. Not even twenty four hours previously he had done the exact same thing. However this time, there was no pizza in Bad's hands, and no smile on his face, instead a worried expression covered his features.

"Hey, come in, we're in the sitting room again." Sapnap shut the door behind Bad and turned to face the older male. "Sorry I gave you such short notice," As he and Bad walked through to the sitting room. "We were all just so confused... we still are, to be honest."

Dream was sitting in the corner of one couch, taking full advantage of George's smaller frame by curling up, his knees to his chest. George sat next to him, with his legs awkwardly crossed. They both said their hellos as Bad walked in.

"Hey, so can you guys explain to me what's going on? Sapnap barely said anything, at least, barely anything I could understand..." Bad sat down on the couch opposite Dream and George, and was joined by Sapnap.

"So basically, we both woke up this morning as each other." George started. "I was in Dream's room-" George started to explain, and Dream jumped in. "And I was on the couch."

Bad looked utterly bewildered. “What do you mean? That’s where me and Sapnap put you last night after you both passed out. I don’t get what’s so important...” Bad hadn’t made the connection.

“No, you don’t understand. I’m George, that’s Dream.” George pointed to himself, and then Dream. Bad looked at who he thought was Dream.

“Y- you’re... George? In Dream’s body? You... switched?” He stuttered, eyes flicking between the two.

“This is insane.. I mean, Sapnap said something about you two switching places but I didn’t really believe him... he said he needed me to give my perspective of last night so I brought the book I read with me. I know- I know you don’t think it has anything to do with it, Sapnap,” Bad waved a hand to stop the younger male from cutting in, “-but I think it’s worth having with us, seeing as it is the only un-ordinary thing that happened last night, other than you two passing out.” Bad held up the small book he had in his hands.

“So, how about we recount everything that happened, and we’ll see if we can figure out if anything might have led to you guys being switched.” The other three nodded without question. All of them were secretly glad they had Bad here, knowing he would take on the motherly role and guide them through this whole ordeal.

“So, uhh, I don’t know about Dream, but I can’t remember anything from last night, other than you arriving.. after that, everything is fuzzy. The next thing I remember is waking up in Dream’s room.” George started the discussion.

“Yeah, same. I remember Bad getting here, something about pizza, I might've tickled George at some point... but then nothing.” Dream added.

Sapnap tried to recall as much as he could. “Yeah, so Bad got here with pizza, we put on a movie, then he pulled out that stupid book...” Sapnap paused, waiting for Bad to cut in.

Bad picked up the book and flipped through, trying to find the page he had read. After a few seconds of searching, he found the page. “Here! Let’s at least try to figure out what it means, and then if it has nothing to do with what’s happened then we can rule it out.” The others nodded, leaning in a bit to read the small words. Bad started to read aloud.

“Two souls connected, bound together by fate.” He stopped to think, but realised by a few grumbles that he was expected to continue.

“Their hearts heavy, carrying the same unspoken weight. May their bodies be switched, to teach a lesson or in jest, and as the soul swapping occurs, let their minds be at rest.” Bad finished the rhyme he had read the night before and looked up at the others, who were trying to decipher the poetic words. It didn’t take a genius to realise that this was definitely the reason behind Dream and George’s sudden switch.

“Well. We have our culprit.” Sapnap nodded towards the book in Bad’s hands. “I was wrong, it’s not just a silly kids book.” All four went quiet, trying to work out what the rhyme meant, and more importantly, whether the key to reversing it was in the words.

“I think I have an idea.” Bad had caught the room’s attention.

“So the first line, about the souls being connected? It must be to do with you guys being such best friends, and for a long time too. It’s probably also why it was you two that switched, not me or Sapnap. You guys must have a really deep connection or something.” Bad moved on to the next line, his brows furrowing as he tried to understand what it meant.

This time, it was Sapnap who spoke.

“Hearts carrying the same unspoken weight? I don’t get it.” Seemingly, no one else did. Sapnap decided to look at the last two lines.

“Well, the body swap part is pretty obvious,” Sapnap gestured to the two men sat on the couch opposite him. “-but the next part? To teach a lesson or in jest?” Sapnap trailed off.

“Maybe the switch is to like, teach us a lesson or something.” George suggested. “Or as a prank?”

“Yeah, that could be it.” Dream agreed, “Problem is, what do we have to learn? Something about each other, I’d assume...”

They re-read the final line, trying to piece everything together.

“Let their minds be at rest? Are we going to die or something?” George felt the panic rising in his voice.

There was a tense silence, as everyone tried to think of a meaning to the line that wasn’t death.

“Oh! I get it!” Bad exclaimed. “You guys passed out, remember? We never determined when you guys actually switched, so for all we know, it could’ve been right then! Look,” Bad pointed to the last line. “As the soul swapping occurs, let their minds be at rest!” He leaned back into the couch, feeling triumphant.

He was met by two puzzled looks. Both Dream and George barely remembered anything from the night before, so Bad’s comment left them confused.

“What do you mean, passed out? Did we both fall asleep on the couch or something?” George voiced both his and Dream’s confusion.

“Oh, of course, you don’t remember.” Bad realised. “I don’t mean passed out like fell asleep, I mean, you guys both actually passed out, Dream first just outside his room, and then when we were checking to see if he was ok, you passed out like a couple minutes after.” This was news to Dream and George. They looked at each other in surprise.

“We thought you had passed out from exhaustion, Dream” Sapnap explained further. “You had said just before that you felt tired so we assumed that was why. But when George collapsed too... we started to get worried.”

Both Dream and George were overwhelmed with information. George had his head in his hands, trying to calm his racing mind. Dream was trying his best to find a logical solution, a clever way to reverse everything.

“Is the spell the only thing on the page? Is there anything you might have missed?” Dream asked.

Bad looked carefully at the page again. He squinted, holding the book close to his face, and gasped as he saw a tiny fingerprint at the bottom of the page.

“There is something! It’s tiny though, I’m not surprised I missed it...” Sapnap snatched the book from him, also squinting at the page.

“What was that for?” Bad tried, only to be shushed by Sapnap.

“I have better eyesight than you, shh” Sapnap held the page to the light and started reading, ignoring the disgruntled mumbles coming from the man to his left.

“If the two souls wish to switch back as they were, they must first ensure that they have nothing to hide from each other. No secrets concerning the other can be concealed, and trust must be faithfully shared between the two before this spell can be reversed. Once both souls have each others’ undeniable trust, then and only then will the spell be broken.”

Sapnap finished reading the fine print and the four sat in stunned silence.

“Well, we now know how to reverse it...” Bad broke the silence quietly.

“Their hearts heavy, carrying the same unspoken weight. That’s what it means.” Dream was piecing things together quickly. “So me and George need to trust each other completely, which means that we can’t keep any secrets from each other, or at least the ones about each other.”

Dream wracked his brain for anything that he could be keeping from George. He couldn’t think of anything that he wouldn’t just tell the other, and he was sure George felt the same. They had had long conversations in the early hours of the morning, they always picked up on how each other felt, Dream felt like he trusted George completely. So maybe it wasn’t a trust thing, maybe it was just a small thing they were keeping, perhaps even unknowingly from each other?

A thought popped into his head. It was a small one, one that had been floating around in his brain for at least a few months now. Dream felt his face heat up a bit, and he quickly pushed the thought away. No, there was no way that could be it. And if it was, the spell said it had to be a mutual thing for it to be reversed? Dream shook himself mentally. There was no way.

George was thinking. A lot. He was thinking back to all the things he’d done that he hadn’t told Dream about. There was that one time when he’d used Dream’s toothbrush because his was broken and he didn’t want to go out and get another one, there was that other time when he had stupidly put all his hoodies in the wash at the same time, so he borrowed one of Dream’s but then got a stain on it and never told him. Come to think of it George had blamed Sapnap at the time. But no, those weren’t mutual things. The spell had said the *same unspoken weight*. George’s mind lingered on one thought momentarily, but it was quickly dismissed. There was no way Dream would ever think the same thing, so it wasn’t worth wasting time thinking about it.

Dream pulled everyone out of their thoughts as he uncurled from his position and stretched. “Great. So it seems that me and George will be pouring our hearts out to each other for the next few weeks. And the worst part is that i’m going to have to do it while being stuck as a tiny little nerd.” Dream gestured to his body, which was so vastly different to what he was used to.

George grinned. “Hey, you must have pulled the short straw because I’m pretty happy being taller than you for the foreseeable future..” He got up and headed to the kitchen to make himself a drink, followed by Dream who was shooting sly comebacks back at him.

Sapnap and Bad watched them in disbelief.

“I can’t believe they’re so chill about this. If I was in someone else’s body I would be freaking out way more than they are...” Sapnap remarked. Bad nodded, “I don’t think anyone will ever truly understand those muffins better than they understand each other.”

They watched the two men in the kitchen as they played around, getting accustomed to their new bodies. George’s spacial awareness was laughable as he got used to a taller body, while Dream was getting frustrated because he couldn’t reach his favourite cereal that he kept from George on the top shelf, and had to ask George to help him out. It was a strange but amusing sight to see.

“The question is though,” Bad wondered aloud, “how are they going to work out what they’re hiding from each other, and how long will it take for them to tell each other?” Sapnap and Bad both had a brief inkling of what it was that Dream and George were hiding from each other. They’d both been around the pair for years. What worried them was how long it would take for the two idiots to realise it themselves and tell each other.

“I think,” suggested Sapnap, “we might have to give them a few shoves in the right direction, because knowing those two, they’re too stubborn or stupid to get anything done.”

And with that statement, the two got up and went to join the other two in making a very late breakfast.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

The boys finally calmed down and are back to playing minecraft, but then they notice another aspect to their switch... their vision.

Chapter Notes

Ok so most of the comments have been asking me about George being colourblind and whether that is in effect in this story. Yes, very much so. The only reason i didn't include it in the first three was because 1) i felt that it deserved its own chapter and 2) the first three chapters were "introduction chapters" where i'm just establishing the story and the plot. from now on i'll be focusing more on the fun stuff :) SO without further ado, I hope you enjoy <3

It was just past midday when Dream and George finally got to sit down after making and eating lunch. They both felt like an entire day had passed, what with everything that had happened in just that morning alone. They were both sitting in their rooms, speaking to each other over discord, while aimlessly playing Minecraft together in the background.

“C’mere George!” Dream tried to sound menacing, but it really didn’t have the same effect when it was George’s voice saying it. However, the sight of his character alone was enough for the other to shriek and start running away from him.

It was a short chase.

The two men laughed as “ *GeorgeNotFound was slain by Dream* ” popped up in the chat.

“I can’t believe you got me again, this is so not fair. I can’t even beat you when I’m you!” George laughed, as he playfully punched his friends bright green minecraft skin, after teleporting back to his death point.

Hold on a second.

“Oh my god!” George yelled, making the other jump.

“What? What is it? Are you ok?” Dream was worried.

“You’re green!” George couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

“Yeah of course I’ve always bee-” Dream stopped. He had just pressed F5 to look at his character, only to see a murky yellow colour surrounding his famous white blob.

“Oh my god. You’re kidding me.” Dream finally realised. How had they not noticed earlier? To be fair, most of the apartment was a modern black, white or grey, not a lot of colours. And also, he had been quite preoccupied that morning.

The two sat in stunned silence. Dream had completely forgotten that George was colourblind. And of course, since they had swapped bodies, it was now Dream who was colourblind.

“I can finally see! This is great!” George had been coming to terms with his own vision. This wasn’t his first time seeing colour, Dream had bought him enchroma glasses a while back as a present, but it was nothing compared to the real thing. He was mostly shocked that he hadn’t caught on previously, maybe he was just tired and too busy thinking of everything else to notice. But now he had noticed, George was ecstatic.

“I’m happy for you.” George was brought back down to earth. The voice on the other end of the discord call sounded anything but happy. He realised that, of course, while he had glasses that enabled him to see colour, Dream had never experienced what George dealt with on a daily basis.

“How is it?” George asked tentatively. He heard a heavy sigh on Dream’s end.

“It’s... it’s awful, George. I feel terrible.” George’s balloon of happiness had well and truly deflated. He hated hearing his friend so down, even if this time it was his own voice he was hearing.

George got up from his chair and went to find Dream. As he entered the younger male’s room his heart broke as he saw his friend curled up in his chair, hugging his knees, looking devastated.

“What is it? It can’t be that bad, is it?” George spoke softly, leaning against the doorframe.

“It’s not so much about not seeing the colours, I just...” Dream trailed off, looking away.

“I can’t stop thinking about all the times I joked about you not being able to see things. All the times I made fun of you for using the wrong colours for things or teased you because you couldn’t tell the difference between team colours. I...” Dream buried his head in his knees.

“I feel terrible.”

George was not expecting that. He didn’t know what to say. Instead, he moved towards his friend, and took his hand, guiding him from his chair to sit on the bed. They sat across from each other, Dream not able to meet George’s gaze. George’s heart went out to him.

“Dream, I need you to know that it really doesn’t bother me if you tease me about my colourblindness. I understand that right now you’re thinking that it must be the worst thing in the world, not being able to see colours properly, but you have to remember that other than those glasses, I’ve never been able to see those colours. I’m used to it.” George tried to reassure the other.

“But-” Dream tried to object, only to be cut off by George.

“Dream, I can take a joke. I know that me thinking I’m on the red team while I’m actually on the green team is funny. There’s no harm in laughing. I know you’d never say anything to be malicious. I know you.”

Dream looked up, he could see the genuine earnest in his friend’s expression. He felt comforted that his friend knew he was never serious with his jokes. He gave a small smile.

“Thank you. I am sorry though, even though you said you don’t care.”

George grinned, satisfied that the other had understood.

“It’s fine. Anyway, how is it?” George was curious to know what Dream thought about being

colourblind.

Dream stood up, looking round his room. He walked over to his wardrobe, where one of his hoodies was hanging. He knew that this was green, but it was now a dull shade of yellow. Mind you, most things were a dull shade of yellow.

“I’ll be honest, I think knowing what colours look like beforehand makes it so much worse.” Dream looked back to see George barely holding back his laughter.

“It sucks doesn’t it?” George burst out laughing. It was incredibly entertaining to see the varying levels of horror his friend’s face was portraying, as he looked at more and more objects.

Dream couldn’t help but laugh along with George. They both laughed harder after hearing Dream’s characteristic wheeze coming from George’s voice. After a few minutes of not being able to breathe from laughing, the pair eventually composed themselves.

George then had an idea.

“Wait! Seeing as you’re not used to it, why don’t I give you the enchroma glasses? They can be your backup if not being able to see the sickening colour of your minecraft skin gets too much for you.”

“George, you’re a genius.” Dream sounded incredibly relieved.

George got up and gestured to the other to follow him. They went to his room where he retrieved the glasses from his bedside table. Dream immediately put the glasses on and ran back to his room, staring at his computer screen.

“Phew, I was scared I wouldn’t be able to see the beautiful lime green hue of my character ever again!” Dream chuckled.

George laughed and headed back to his room, resuming their minecraft session. Later, they were joined by Sapnap, who teamed up with Dream to push George into as many ravines as they could find, much to the other’s protests. It did get confusing at times, when Sapnap forgot that when he heard Dream’s voice, it was actually George. George used Sapnap’s confusion against him and pretended he was Dream, which ended with Sapnap getting pushed into a few ravines, feeling

betrayed.

Finally, at some ungodly hour, the three roommates ended the discord call to get some sleep. George headed to his bathroom to clean his teeth. It was at that point that he realised that he hadn't looked in a mirror all day. This was the first time he was seeing what he looked like, what Dream looked like.

He tilted his head, admiring the chiselled jawline he now possessed. While it was extremely odd to look in a mirror and not see the face he'd seen for the past twenty three years, George had to admit, he was transfixed by the face being reflected back at him.

Up until now, the closest he'd been to Dream was when they'd shared the occasional hug, or when he had been mercilessly tickled. Now, with his face almost pressed against the mirror, George was a few inches away.

He hadn't really realised just how intricate the other man's face was, how his tanned face was dusted with freckles, how his eyelashes were unusually long, how piercing and deep his green eyes were. George felt a tug on his heart, as he realised it would be an indefinite amount of time before he was able to look at the face of the man he had secretly fallen for, without seeing it through a mirror.

George was jolted back to reality as his nose bumped against the cold glass of the mirror. He hadn't realised he had been getting closer.

Stepping back, George looked around for his toothbrush. After brushing his teeth and washing his face, George stepped back into his room. A thought suddenly dawned on him.

He didn't have any pyjamas. At least, none that would fit his new, larger body. Quietly, George crept through the apartment to Dream's room. He was about to knock, when the door was opened before his hand had the chance.

Dream looked surprised to see George, but then as he looked at the other, still fully clothed, he laughed.

"I bet I can guess why you're here." Dream turned and went to grab a pair of PJ's from his wardrobe, handing them to George.

“How did you know?”

“I was about to come and ask you the same thing.” Dream chuckled.

“Huh, I guess you should come pick some clothes as well.” George turned back to his room, followed by Dream, then he stopped abruptly, causing the other to almost walk straight into him.

“Surely it’s gonna be easier if we just sleep in each others’ rooms? Then we don’t have to keep doing this.” The other thought for a second then nodded in agreement.

“Yeah, it’d probably be better. Just don’t mess up my stuff or you’ll have hell to pay..”

The pair laughed quietly as they moved to head to each other’s rooms.

“Well, I’ll see you tomorrow then.”

“Yeah, night.”

George closed the door to Dream’s room. After changing into some more comfortable nightwear, he got into bed, resting his head onto the pillow. He took in a breath, noting how he could smell Dream’s shampoo on his pillow, and his cologne from the sheets. It was comforting for George, who felt like he could pretend he was himself again, being smothered in a hug from his best friend...? George didn’t quite know how he felt about calling Dream his best friend. Maybe, it was because deep down he wished they could be more.

George stopped himself. No. He couldn’t let himself get carried away. He knew Dream would never return his feelings so it was stupid to even entertain the idea. He closed his eyes, trying desperately to think of anything else, and eventually, sleep overtook his troubled mind.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

George is ill, but he doesn't remember doing anything that could make him ill. Also, Dream tries recording a video with Sapnap.

Chapter Notes

Ok but isn't it the funniest thing when you're just going about your day and then suddenly you get switched bodies with your best friend and then, when you think things couldn't get funnier, it turns out that your best friend was just about to get ill and now its YOUR problem to deal with?? yeah... George doesn't think it's funny.

George awoke with a pounding headache. He groaned, surprised by the sudden pain. Clutching his head, he struggled into a sitting position, in his bed. George noticed that he was also drenched with sweat, however at the moment he was almost shivering. George's suspicions were confirmed as a sneeze caught him off guard, causing his head to hurt.

After slowly edging out of bed, George found one of Dream's hoodies from his wardrobe. Slipping it on, he felt comforted by the warmth and he made his way slowly to his own room, where Dream was sleeping.

Dream woke to a feeble knock on his door. He rubbed his eyes, and yawned.

"Yeah?" The door opened, and Dream was met by his own self, looking terrible and giving him daggers.

"George, you look horrible, did you not sleep well or something?" Dream chuckled, but his joke was not met with laughter.

"Dream. I swear to god. What did you do in the few days before we switched?" George's voice was soft, but Dream could sense a rising frustration in his friend.

"Uh.. what do you mean?" Dream was confused as to where this was coming from.

“I mean... did you do anything to get you ill before we switched?” Dream caught on. He cast his mind back.

There was that time a couple days ago where he had been out with Sapnap and George and someone had sneezed quite close to him, but Dream didn't think that was it. Then, a little more recent, Dream had been out shopping and... *uh oh*. Dream remembered. He had been caught in a sudden downpour, with no coat and at least a fifteen minute walk back to the apartment. Dream recounted the story to George.

George stood there, shaking either from shivers or anger. It was beyond unfair that *he* had to deal with Dream's idiocy.

“Dream, you bastard-” was all George managed to get out before he collapsed into a coughing fit.

Dream watched in concern as George coughed, knees threatening to give out on him. He quickly hopped out of bed, and took George's arm around his shoulder, trying to support the weaker male. Dream quickly realised that he was at a disadvantage, being in George's smaller body, as he wasn't much help in terms of physical support for his friend, but he persevered anyway.

They slowly made their way back to Dream's room, where George flopped back down into the sheets, exhausted.

“Right, you're not going anywhere until this cold is gone.” Dream made sure George was comfortable, and then turned to leave. He heard a small noise of protest from behind him. Dream turned back around to see his friend, with a worried expression on his face.

“Stay... please?” Was all George could manage to say as he dissolved into coughs again.

Dream felt bad for his friend. He hated seeing him like this, and it was only made worse knowing that it was Dream's fault for not being more careful. He reassured the other.

“Dude I need to get you some food, but I promise after that I won't leave your side.” Dream took George's silence as understanding. He quietly left the room, leaving George alone.

George felt warm and fuzzy. And not because of the illness. He felt cared for. Even in these circumstances, where he still felt cheated because this wasn't his fault, he was still glad that his friend cared about him so much.

Dream returned with a coffee and some toast, setting it down on the bedside table next to George.

George maneuvered himself into a sitting position and took a sip of the coffee, before starting to nibble at his toast. Dream had brought his own coffee and phone with him, and was sitting in his chair, scrolling through his phone as George ate his breakfast.

"Dude, I just thought." Dream suddenly looked up, holding up his phone. "We're gonna have to use each others' phones when we're around people who don't know about us switching." George hadn't thought about that. Luckily though, George already knew Dream's password, but he wasn't sure he could say the same for the other. From the worried look on his friend's face, he assumed his suspicions were correct.

"My password is 9061." George's voice was raspy and quiet. Dream looked grateful for the information and he made a note of it on his own phone, just in case.

George thought about what would happen when they had to talk to people who didn't know about the switch. He was especially worried about going to see Dream's family, which, he remembered, was fast approaching and they still hadn't done anything to prepare.

"When are you going to start teaching me about your family?" George's voice barely came out as a whisper. He had finished his toast and set down his half finished coffee.

Dream looked up from his phone. He took in the sight before him. It was weird to see himself in such a sickly state, it reminded him that this could have so easily been him, it should have been him.

"I think it's best that you get over this first before you try and learn anything, dude." Dream said gently, and was relieved when the other nodded sleepily. Dream noted his friend's state, pale skin, dark circles around his eyes, raspy breaths, the occasional sneeze. Dream smirked, catching the other's attention.

"You look like literal death." Dream watched the other settle down into a sleeping position, getting comfortable before he spoke.

“Just you wait... before we switch, I’m smashing my head into a wall, see how you like it.” And with that, George was asleep, a hint of a smile on his face.

Dream was speechless. On the one hand, he was alarmed by his friend’s statement, yet, on the other hand, he found himself smiling at the dork’s sense of humour (?). He watched as his friend breathed slowly, rhythmically, his face relaxed and peaceful. It was quite surreal, watching himself sleep.

After making sure George was asleep and comfortable, Dream left the room, leaving the other to sleep in peace.

Sapnap was in the kitchen when Dream walked in.

“Hey Geor- I mean, Hey Dream.” Sapnap hastily corrected himself.

“Hey dude.”

Sapnap had seen Dream helping George back to Dream’s room earlier that morning, and was concerned by the state George was in.

“Is George good? What happened?”

“Uh yeah... funny story... So you know the other day when I went out to buy something and it started raining?” Sapnap nodded and Dream continued.

“Yeah, so I might have gotten caught in the rain for about fifteen, maybe twenty minutes.. and as a result of that.... I got ill.” Dream could see Sapnap working through what he was saying. He watched as his eyebrows furrowed in confusion, and then a look of shock as it dawned on him.

“Oh... so you mean.... with the switch... George is...” Dream nodded.

Sapnap was quiet. As much as it must suck for George, he had to admit... that was pretty funny.

He could see the other was trying to bite back a smirk too.

“Poor George. I bet he was fuming.” Sapnap knew his friend well, and he was sure that having to deal with someone else’s carelessness would not sit well with him.

Dream snorted. “Yeah, I would have got an earful had he not have had a convenient coughing fit just as he was going to go off on me.”

Sapnap laughed along with Dream. “Well, I’m sure you’ll be simping for him until he gets better, so you’re paying him back already.” He said, earning a playful shove from the other.

“Anyway, I’m guessing George is out of action for at least the rest of today, so do you want to try record a video or something? I had a few ideas I wanted to test out.” Sapnap changed the subject.

Dream was intrigued by the possibility. He had wondered how they were going to get round the problem of recording and making content. Dream had thought maybe they could play and record as normal, and then the other would re record the audio so the play style would match the voice, but that would be a lot of work, editing and time, which would in the long run just not be practical. Instead, Dream had thought that he could just pretend to be George, that way there would be no need for any extra editing.

“I’m down to try,” Dream agreed, “but you do realise that you’re gonna have to treat this as if you’re recording with George?” Sapnap nodded.

“Yeah, I was thinking it could be a chance for you to practice your impersonation skills, seeing as you’re meant to be acting as him for a couple of days when you go see your family.” Sapnap had been thinking along the same lines as Dream.

“Ok, so what did you have in mind to record?” The two went to set up the recording, continuing their conversation through discord. Dream went to George’s room because his room was currently occupied.

They decided on a minecraft speedrun, but Dream coded it so that they had a shared inventory. It was easy enough, just trying to beat the game without essentially half as much inventory space. The recording was more so that Dream could try his best to play and speak like George, and so that Sapnap could give him some tips whenever Dream did something that George didn’t usually do.

A few minutes into the recording, after Dream had finished grumbling about George's colourblindness, Sapnap noticed something.

"Wait, Dream. I just noticed, you're speaking with an american accent. It's kind of masked by the sound of George's voice, though." Dream was initially confused, but then remembered that George, of course, was English.

"Dude. I can't do an English accent."

"You have to try, man." Dream took a deep breath. He knew that he had to at least try, this could be the detail that determined whether they could pull off acting as each other.

"Ok." Dream tried a light English accent tentatively. He tried to think of everything he had noticed about George when he spoke.

"My name is GeorgeNotFound and I am from England." Dream tried his best, waiting for Sapnap's response.

"Dude, you're nailing it! That'll pass for sure!" Dream felt his confidence growing with Sapnap's words of encouragement.

They resumed their recording session. Dream, while a little hesitant, continued, trying his best to match his friend's accent. Soon enough, the issues that arose became more about Dream's playstyle than the way he was speaking.

"Dude, you can't make tons of boats just so you can boat hop over the lava." Sapnap chuckled. "Firstly, we don't have the inventory space, and secondly, George would never think to do that."

Dream sighed. The hardest part about playing as George was that the older male didn't really bother to learn any game strats, meaning that Dream had to cut out most of his smart plays. A couple of times, he had to lift his hands from his keyboard as he fell to his death, because he knew that George just wouldn't be quick enough to think of a way to avoid a seemingly inevitable end.

The challenge took much longer than usual, what with Sapnap having to pause the recording to tell Dream to stop being so smart, or having to redo a few things because Sapnap said Dream's name instead of George, or because Dream's accent slipped. However, after what was probably hours,

Sapnap and Dream sat watching the game credits, exhausted.

Dream closed minecraft after thanking Sapnap and ending the discord call, and got up from George's chair to stretch. Dream checked the time, it was 11:21. He left George's room and headed to his own, to check up on his friend.

Dream knocked gently and after hearing a small voice from inside, he opened the door to see his friend, looking much better, sat up in bed on his phone.

"You're looking better."

"Does that mean I can't get breakfast in bed again tomorrow?" Dream laughed.

"You're such an idiot." He said jokingly. He was glad George was feeling better, and that the brief illness didn't take too much of a toll on him. Dream stepped inside the room and went to sit in his chair, opposite the other.

"Oh, by the way, I don't know if you could hear us, but me and Sapnap recorded a video for his channel." Dream caught George up on what had happened earlier in the day.

"How does that work when you sound like me?" George questioned.

"Well, not exactly like you, I had to do an English accent but yeah.. I recorded *as* you. Which means you're gonna get the credit for *my* work." Dream wasn't the happiest about the situation, but then again, it wasn't exactly like he *needed* the credit. In all fairness, George probably deserved it, just because of what he had to go through today.

George's eyes widened in surprise. It wasn't normal that Dream let someone else have credit for his work. He felt touched that his friend would do that for him. Thinking about the video itself, George felt weird that there was now a video that exists with him in that he didn't record, but if anything, it could become a memory that he would hopefully be able to look back on fondly.

"Huh. It'll be weird to watch, knowing I didn't record it, yet it's still me speaking and playing. I'll have to judge your accent, though." George thought about how he would manage his own content. He couldn't avoid it forever, he had a few videos he wanted to record before the new year, and he had a stream he had promised to the fans....

He had a stream he had promised to the fans.

“Uh, Dream?” George asked tentatively. Dream hummed to show he was listening.

“I err... promised to the fans about a week ago... that I would do a nether speedrun stream...” George didn’t need to say anything more, Dream had immediately understood.

They fell silent. Recording videos was one thing. You could cut out mistakes, restart without anyone knowing, and there was no pressure of anyone watching. But a livestream... that was a whole different story.

George knew he was asking an astronomical favour from Dream. The last thing he wanted was to put his friend through any unnecessary stress, but he had already pushed back the stream three times.

George studied his friend’s face. Dream at first looked anxious as he thought through what George was asking of him. But then, his expression cleared and he smiled at the other.

“You know what? Let’s do it.”

George was stunned. While he had hoped Dream would help him out, come up with a compromise or something, he had definitely not been expecting his friend to cheerfully agree so easily.

“Are you out of your mind? You realise what you’re getting yourself into?” George asked in disbelief.

“Listen, I thought it through. Firstly, I’m a world record holding speedrunner, so already the stream will be quicker, despite me playing as you. Shorter stream means less room for mistakes. Secondly, you can be in a call with me, so we can bounce off of each other and cover up any mess ups. Thirdly, I’ve already had like six hours of practice being you, plus we can take an extra day as well if you’re not convinced.” Dream laughed at George’s shocked expression.

“Dude, it’ll be fine. I owe it to you anyway. You’re gonna have to act as me non-stop when we go see my family, so if anything, I got off lucky.”

George couldn't believe what he was hearing. He was incredibly happy that Dream was willing to do this for him, but at the same time, he was scared to death that something would go wrong and the news of their switch would get out to the fans. He tried to push his worries aside. As Dream had said, they could use the whole of tomorrow to practice, seeing as George tended to stream in the evenings anyway.

"Ok, you madman. Training starts 9am sharp tomorrow morning. No excuses." George said firmly as the other began to protest at the early deadline.

Dream sighed. "Tomorrow morning it is."

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Dream and George prepare for the first big moment in their switch. Dream has less than a day to be ready to livestream as George, and George, who is joining him in the vc, has to try and perfect his american accent. Who's got it tougher? You tell me...

Dream woke at 8:50am, to the sound of his phone alarm. He reached to turn it off, and then after a few minutes of stretches and yawns, Dream was up and out of bed.

He sat in front of his computer, waiting for minecraft to load up. He opened discord, and at 9am sharp, Dream and George were in a call together, ready to start what would be a long day of learning about each other.

"I'm surprised you actually stuck to the time I gave you, I was fully expecting to not even see you until at least 12." George joked.

"Hey, whatever you say goes, Georgie." Dream smirked as he used the nickname.

George felt his face blush, and was very grateful that he didn't have his facecam on.

"You're such an idiot."

The two changed the subject to the plan for the day. George was supposed to stream later that evening, so that left them the rest of the day to practice and prepare. Dream suggested that the best way to optimise their time was if George watched Dream play, that way George would be able to take note of the things Dream did that George didn't usually do or didn't know how to do, and then George would be able to tell Dream so that he could adjust his playing.

They started practising a speedrun, and immediately Dream began complaining about the colours, saying that it was impossible to play, to which George laughed, offering no sympathy.

It still took a fair bit for Dream to get used to the colours, despite having already played with Sapnap the day before, but after he got over himself and started listening to George's comments,

Dream started feeling confident that he had mastered George's playstyle.

However, he was yet to use his accent in front of George.

"Come on, Dream! I promise I won't laugh." George was hardly even trying to keep a straight face as he tried to convince Dream to speak like him.

Dream was smiling nervously, he felt almost shy.

"Ok ok..." Dream thought of something to say. "This video, we coded so that Dream and I *switched places* ! This was insane. Also, only a small percentage of people that watch my videos are subscribed, so make sure to subscribe, it's free, and you can always unsubscribe.." Dream waited for the other to laugh and tease him, but the laughter never came.

"That is... creepily good." George was impressed. Dream's heart lifted.

"You know what this means though, right?" Dream had been waiting for this moment.

"What?" George was puzzled.

"It means it's your turn to try an American accent!" Dream reminded the other gleefully.

George groaned. He realised that the other was right. If he was going to join Dream in the livestream, then he would have to use an American accent. Luckily, George was a very observant person, and seeing as he spent a lot of time with American friends, he had picked up on a few of the main components of the accent.

"Ok, but don't judge me." It was George's turn to think of something to say.

"Hey guys, my name is Dream and I think George is a better minecraft player than me." George cringed as he tried his best accent, but Dream's hum in surprise gave him hope.

"Dude, there's no way you haven't practised that!" George chuckled.

“What can I say? I’m an observant person.” He continued speaking in an almost perfect american accent, earning more gasps of surprise from Dream.

They decided to practice their accents for a bit, each giving the other tips on how to improve specific sounds. After they felt confident that they could speak freely with each others’ accents, they added Sapnap to the call.

“Dude! I swear if I didn’t know any better, I would have thought you guys had swapped back!” Sapnap had joined the call and was extremely impressed by his roommates’ accent skills.

They joked around for a bit, Sapnap briefly joined the server they were playing on to mess around, but then left shortly after, leaving the other two alone again.

Not too long after, the pair were watching the ender dragon fade into exp orbs, and the credits rolled. It had been a good few hours, and they had each learned a lot from each other, their play styles, some of their speaking habits, their accents. Both Dream and George felt confident for the stream, which would be starting in about an hour or two.

George was only slightly worried about chat. He knew they could be quite demanding sometimes, often flooding him with donations asking him to do something. George took a sharp intake of breath as he thought of something. How could he forget something like that?

“What is it George?” Dream had heard the other’s gasp.

“I just thought... what are we gonna do about a facecam? I usually have it on.” George voiced his concerns.

Dream thought about all the possibilities. Firstly, he himself wasn’t used to having a facecam on, having not done a face reveal, so the thought of it worried him slightly, even though it was George’s face that would be seen. Secondly, he wasn’t sure whether he liked the idea of thousands of people watching his every move and expression as he played.

“I think it’s best we start without it, and then we’ll see how we go.” Dream suggested a compromise, to which George hummed in agreement.

“That sounds good.”

The two sat in comfortable silence, thinking. George, although the livestream was of more importance at that moment, could keep his mind from going to see Dream’s family. He couldn’t help but think about the fact that he barely knew anything about Dream’s family, and the meetup was coming up fast.

“Dream?”

“Mhm?”

“Tell me about your family.”

“Uhh right, yeah. I guess I should start telling you about them.” Dream was unsure where to begin with such a vast topic.

He decided to start with introducing each of his direct family members, which included his parents, and his younger brother and sister, and his older sister. Dream would add a brief description of his relationship with each of them, and often told George about a specific memory tied to a specific person. George seemed to absorb that information, occasionally repeating back what Dream had said just to make sure he had understood everything.

After Dream had told George about his closest family members, they moved on to the layout of the house, which took quite a while for George to grasp. Dream had to resort to pulling up photoshop and hand drawing the layout which in all honesty wasn’t very effective, but George was too entertained by Dream’s art skills to stop him.

It had been almost two hours before the conversation between the two died down. The time had flown by as George tried to cram as much information into his head as possible. Glancing at the clock on his screen, he was surprised to see that it was coming up to 10 o’clock.

“You ready? It’s almost time.” George reminded the other.

“Ready as I’ll ever be.”

Dream's cursor was hovering over the button. He felt a wave of anxiety try to cloud his brain, but he pushed it away, reassuring himself that he would be fine.

"Thanks, by the way. It's really nice of you to agree to this so last minute." George said softly, just loud enough for the other to hear.

"Don't mention it. Seriously. You're already returning the favour for me and I couldn't be more grateful." Dream smiled, feeling a rush of confidence.

He pressed the button.

Here we go.

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

The time has come. Dream is livestreaming a nether speedrun of minecraft, with George's help. Will they be able to get through the stream and beat the game before either of them slip up?

Chapter Notes

Here we are, the stream. I hope it lives up to everyone's expectations, and I hope it doesn't get too confusing either. As always, thank you for all the support <3

There was no going back now.

Dream sat nervously, watching his viewer count rise. The chat gained momentum, as more and more people tuned into the stream.

Dream realised he had been sat there silently for almost a minute. He took a breath, and collected himself.

“Hey guys!” Dream sincerely hoped that his scuffed English accent was enough to fool what was soon to be 15,000 people. Judging from the greetings flying by in the chat, it seemed that no one was noticing anything particularly odd.

“So, as promised, I’m going to try and speedrun the game in the nether, and Dream’s here for emotional support.” Dream felt his confidence growing.

“Hi!” George announced his presence, also watching the chat as it exploded with messages upon hearing “his” voice.

Intro out of the way, Dream turned his attention to the game on his screen. He had already loaded up a world and was in the nether. Checking that everything was being properly broadcast to the stream, Dream started a stopwatch and began to play.

With the initial anxiety about starting the stream out of the way, Dream was able to relax a little. Sure he had a lot of things to remember, George's accent, his playstyle, how he interacted with donations and chat, but generally Dream was taking it in his stride.

George was relaxing too, as he helped Dream keep on top of donations and messages, sometimes reading them out to Dream when he was focusing on the game. George knew that Dream would find it hard to manage donations, as in his streams when he was speedrunning he didn't tend to look at any messages until he had stopped playing. George, on the other hand, usually stopped playing to read donations or messages.

The stream was going well, Dream was advancing through the game quickly. He had spawned in a warped forest, which was good for getting wood and collecting a few warped mushrooms. There was a basalt delta not too far from spawn, which Dream navigated carefully as he collected blackstone to upgrade his wooden tools.

"George!" Dream stopped momentarily at George's exclamation. "Bastion to your left!"

Sure enough, as Dream squinted, he could just make out the textured blackstone bricks hidden in the netherrack. He wasn't surprised that he hadn't seen it, considering that everything just looked the same dull greyish colour. It made him even more glad that George was with him.

"Huh, didn't see it. Thanks." Dream knew that George would understand. He had to admit, being colourblind was really taking a toll on him, he was so not used to it. It was especially frustrating when he missed obvious things, like the bastion, purely because he couldn't distinguish the colours. Dream pushed the negativity away, and cast his eyes to the donations he had missed.

"Hey George, loving the stream, can you tell Dream you love him please?" Dream immediately regretted reading the donation, knowing that him reading it would encourage many more.

"No, I'm sorry, I can't tell him that." Even though Dream had gotten more comfortable in telling George he loved him in response to donations, he knew that George wasn't at that stage, so Dream politely declined the donation. He also conveniently avoided reading most of the donations for the next ten minutes just to be safe.

They were about an hour in. George had been helping hugely, keeping the chat engaged as Dream focused on playing. At this point, Dream had raided the bastion, getting enough iron to make a chestplate and leggings, and had mined enough gold to trade with piglins, who eventually gave him

his precious ender pearls, leaving the rest of the gold to craft into a helmet and boots. Now, he was searching for a fortress, painfully aware of it's updated rarity. It didn't help that he couldn't even easily spot one from a distance, due to everything in the nether looking basically the same through George's eyes.

Dream was quickly realising that his search for the fortress was dragging on. As much as George was filling the silences with jokes and interactions with the chat, there was only so long he could go before it got awkward. Dream stopped, taking his hands off the keyboard and leaning back in his chair.

He and George were joking and catching up on donations when a robotic voice filled Dream's headphones. It was a text to speech, which was surprising, seeing as Dream had changed the donation amount to £50 for speedrunning purposes. Both Dream and George stopped talking to listen, but wished they hadn't as they realised what was being said.

Where's the facecam gogy?? Love the stream, could you say hi to my friend Amber?

"H- hi Amber.." Dream tried to maintain his composure. He knew it was only a matter of time. He watched the chat suddenly explode again with messages, all asking the same thing. George had gone silent, waiting for Dream to respond to the donation.

"Uhh, thanks for the donation. I'm not sure about facecam, my hair looks a right mess at the moment..." Dream tried to make an excuse, but the twitch chat didn't seem convinced.

Dream considered his options. He could use his excuse and continue, ignoring the chat and just hope that they would stop asking. Or, he could be brave and put on facecam, and deal with whatever problems that could arise. At the end of the day, Dream could always make up some sort of excuse if he did something that chat would consider "out of character".

"Actually... sure, why not?" Dream typed a quick message to George.

Pray for me.

George didn't get to respond to the message before he saw a face appear on the stream that was open in front of him. His face. Although completely shocked, he knew he had to say something.

“There’s that pretty face, what a sight for sore eyes.” George was proud of himself for coming up with that line, and laughed as he saw the face on stream blush slightly. He was enjoying playing Dream’s character, because it allowed him to be just that little bit flirtier without anyone calling him out on it.

Dream let the chat go crazy about the facecam and George’s comment for a bit, before resuming the game, which was becoming less and less of a speedrun by the minute.

After another few minutes of searching, it was George, unsurprisingly, who pointed out the fortress. Dream made a beeline for it, almost falling into a lava lake in his haste.

At long last, and after an hour and a half of streaming, *GeorgeNotFound* has made the advancement *[A Terrible Fortress]* popped up in the chat. Now, the fun could begin.

Dream quickly scanned the fortress for chests, miraculously finding enough diamonds overall for a sword and some boots. He then turned his attention to the blaze spawners.

He needed at least six blaze rods for twelve eyes of ender, but it was always better to get seven or eight, in case one eye shattered. Dream waited for the blaze to spawn, reading chat and joking with George. He slowly but surely started gaining blaze rods, as he killed more and more blazes. There were a couple of times where he would be set on fire by the blazes, and taking full advantage of George’s reputation he let out a scream, before laughing at the chat’s complaints.

George was also getting into acting as Dream, and he tried his best to wheeze as the other yelled, trying to put himself out. It was pretty chaotic, so much so that Sapnap joined the call briefly, jokingly telling the other two to shut up because he needed his beauty sleep. The chat didn’t even get the chance to say hi to Sapnap before he had left again, leaving Dream and George laughing hysterically.

After everyone had calmed down, and Dream had obtained his eight blaze rods, Dream finally left the fortress, his focus now on finding the stronghold that would take him to the final battle.

He crafted twelve eyes of ender, and set off in the direction of his first throw.

Now that all Dream had to focus on was travelling in one direction, he couldn’t help but feel a rising frustration because of his vision. He already felt tired, and having to consciously look at his surroundings to determine what he was seeing instead of taking a brief glance was requiring a lot

of mental energy.

Dream remembered about the glasses George had offered to him, which were sitting not too far away from him on the desk. He could use them for the rest of his run, it would definitely relinquish a bit of the stress and frustration he was feeling. The problem was, how could he explain suddenly putting on weird looking sunglasses in the middle of the stream?

“Penny for your thoughts?” Dream hadn’t realised he had spaced out as George brought him out of his thoughts.

“Uhh..” Dream habitually glanced at chat. An idea came to him.

“Yeah, I just read a message in chat, someone asked if I had any colourblind glasses, and I was thinking about whether I should get them to show the stream.” Dream lied, but George knew what he meant.

“Yeah, I bought George a pair like a few months ago or something. Why don’t you try finishing the game with them?” Dream mentally thanked George for catching on so quickly, and nodded, reaching for the glasses.

He put them on, knowing that it would take at least five minutes to see any noticeable changes, and resumed playing. After a short while, he noticed the normal colours of the nether coming back to him, and he was able to relax again.

Dream threw a second eye of ender, and watched it travel directly behind him.

“Aha! It’s here!” He exclaimed, feeling a sense of renewed excitement.

Dream carefully dug down, hyper aware of any lava that could take him by surprise and send him back to the spawn chunks.

GeorgeNotFound has made the advancement [Eye Spy]

“Let’s GO!” Dream shouted, hearing George yelling something similar.

They were on the home straight. All that was left was to find the portal room, go through to the “end”, destroy all the end crystals and defeat the dragon. Dream reckoned he could get it done in ten minutes if it was him playing, although maybe fifteen because he was playing as George.

“You got this Dr- George!” Dream had to bite his tongue to stop any sounds of shock from escaping his mouth. He couldn’t, however, stop the look of horror on his face, which he realised was being broadcast to 32,000 viewers live.

George was mentally cursing himself. They were so close, so close to the end (literally), they had managed to get through just about two hours without a single slip up, and he had to go and mess everything up. Neither George nor Dream could think of anything they could say that would be a valid excuse. They knew that their silence was only exaggerating the mistake, but they were both so horrified that they couldn’t think of anything to say.

“Woo! Go George!” A new voice joined the call. Immediately, any suspicions the chat may have started to ask about were drowned in the sea of comments as the new voice announced itself. Both Dream and George felt like crying in relief as BadBoyHalo came to their rescue.

“Hey Bad! Thanks.” Dream tried to act casual as he went back to searching the stronghold. His heart was still pumping but he kept a hold on himself.

George jumped at the opportunity to cover his slip up and started making conversation with Bad as Dream focused on beating the game. They started jokingly doing a running commentary as Dream ran through the stronghold.

“Aaaand he takes a left, then a right! Smoothly through the iron door, watch out for the skeleton! George swiftly takes out the skeleton and heads to the staircase, will he find the portal room? Are we looking at a world record run right here?” George was having fun again, his mistake left forgotten. Bad was cheering Dream on, as he finally found the portal room and completed the portal.

At two hours and seven minutes into the stream. Dream had entered the nether version of the end. Game face on and concentrating hard, he focused on taking out the towers, while trying his best to avoid the dragon. At this point in the stream, Dream gave up on trying to play like George. He wanted to be done with it as fast as possible. At one point, he was knocked high into the air by the dragon, and he managed to get his spare ender pearls from his inventory and use one to negate most of his fall damage just in time, earning some excited yells from George and Bad.

After a few minutes, the towers were gone. Unfortunately, because he had been in the nether the whole time, Dream hadn't been able to make any beds to use as his primary source of damage, so he went in with his iron sword and bow. It was a long and hard fight, but at long last...

GeorgeNotFound has made the advancement [Free The End]

"Let's GOOOOO!! YESSSS!" Dream yelled. He leant back in his chair, hands behind his head as he watched the game credits roll.

"YES GEORGE! YOU DID IT!" George was ecstatic too, happy that it was over and that nothing too bad had happened.

"Way to go George!" Bad cheered.

Dream soaked in the praise for another few minutes, thanked all the donations that came through congratulating him, and then finally said goodbye to the stream.

It was finally over. Dream got up and went straight to his room, where George was, and wrapped his arms around the other. He was so relieved to be done with the stream.

George hugged the other back, filled with happiness and relief. Eventually they broke apart, smiling at each other.

"Dude, I thought we were done for when you almost said-" Dream was about to tease George, but was interrupted.

"I don't want to even remember it." George was just glad that Bad had been watching the stream and had quickly stepped in to diffuse the tension. He remembered that Bad was still in the call, and thanked him.

"Thanks for saving us by the way, Bad. Not sure what we would've done without your help." George said as Dream hummed in agreement.

"Oh that's alright, I couldn't have you two muffins fall at the last hurdle. And anyway, it was fun

being there to cheer you on, Dream.” Bad laughed.

The three chatted for a short while, Dream and George speaking through the same mic, but then, upon realising that it was getting quite late, they ended the call, saying goodbye to Bad.

Dream said goodnight to George and went back to his room, where he turned off his PC and got ready for bed.

It had been a crazy day. Dream was exhausted. He was glad to be able to drop his English accent, and even more glad that he no longer had tens of thousands of people watching his every move.

Dream took off his enchroma glasses, and sighed as the colour drained away again.

Soon, he would get his vision back. Soon, but not yet. There was still a lot more to come before Dream would be able to see colour through his own eyes again.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dream enlists the help of George to beat TommyInnit at his own game.

Chapter Notes

Are we? Halfway through?? This fic already?? maybe...

Dream: So you're saying that I give you both discs, and you put me in the thumbnail, title and description of your videos for the next month?

Dream sent his message into the chat and continued aiming his crossbow at the minecraft character standing in front of his own. The character was Tommy, in his dumb revolutionist outfit. Tommy was currently attempting to scam his discs back from Dream, following the events of the war that had previously occurred on the Dream SMP server.

Dream was fully aware of the situation. He was just having fun as he let the other believe that his plan was working.

TommyInnit: join vc big man, lets do business

Dream grinned, tabbing into discord to join the channel, only to stop himself at the last second.

In all the excitement, Dream had completely forgotten that he was no longer in possession of his voice. It was frustrating, but he knew that George wouldn't mind coming to help him out. Especially as it was to shout at Tommy.

Dream typed a quick message into the SMP chat, telling Tommy to wait a second because he had to switch microphones, and then got up and went to find George.

"George!" Dream knocked as he poked his head into his room. George was sat at the desk, editing

a video with the files he had moved from his to Dream's PC.

"What do you want?" He said, turning his attention to Dream.

"I have a small favour to ask..." Dream read George's expression, which didn't appear to show any signs of annoyance, so he carried on.

"So I was on the SMP, and Tommy was trying to scam me for his discs, and then he said to join the vc, so basically, will you join and go make fun of him for me?" George laughed.

"Sure, ok. Is there anything in particular you wanted to say? Or do I just go with the '*ominous smartass*' vibe?"

"Ominous smartass sounds good." Dream smiled.

Obviously, as they'd switched rooms for ease of access to each others' wardrobes, both Dream and George had been using each others' computers, and had signed in to their own accounts. Because of this, George had to go back to his room and take Dream's position, while Dream stayed on George's accounts in his room.

George briefly scanned the SMP chat that was open on Dream's screen to get a sense of the context of the conversation. It seemed that Tommy was promising "views and subscribers" in return for his precious discs. Rolling his eyes, he tabbed into Dream's discord, and found the vc where Tommy was waiting.

"Ok, so basically you can play along if you want, but make sure you do not even take the discs out of my enderchest. I don't want to even risk losing them." Dream's voice came through George's headphones, as he unmuted in the channel they were both already in.

"Ok, I can do that. Are you gonna join as well?" George understood what he had to do.

"Yeah dude, I can't miss out on an opportunity to annoy Tommy. If he asks why I'm here, tell him I'm like a witness to the deal or something." Dream chuckled.

“Cool. Ok, remember your accent, and we’ll be good.” George left the channel with Dream and they joined Tommy’s vc.

“...c’mon chat I’m not that stu- HEY DREAM. ARE YOU HERE TO DO BUSINESS?” Tommy was talking to his twitch chat but immediately turned his attention towards George as he joined.

“Hi Tommy.” There was a moment of tension as George waited to see if Tommy would see through his weak accent, but Tommy didn’t seem to notice.

“What is it that you want Tommy? Both of the discs for some hypothetical subscribers?”

“Well yes, I promise to put you in the description of all my videos for the next month-” Tommy explained his ‘deal’ but got cut off as Dream, who had joined the channel unnoticed, spoke up.

“I thought you said description and title and thumbnail?” Dream knew he was being risky, but that much information was in the chat, so it was fine for ‘George’ to talk about.

“When did you get here, George?” Tommy suddenly wasn’t as confident, as he realised that he was beginning to be outnumbered.

“George is here as a witness to this deal.” George said firmly “Now, tell me why you think I’m going to trade you *both* of your most valued items for some views and subscribers that you can’t even guarantee?” George was getting into his character.

They bickered back and forth aimlessly. At some point, Tommy must have realised that there was no way he was getting his discs back with this deal, but he kept arguing for content’s sake.

Dream and George were having a great time teasing the younger boy, giving him just the tiniest bit of hope and then destroying it. They knew they already had the advantage of numbers, but Dream messaged Sapnap to join the vc just to add insult to injury. Tommy, although enjoying talking to the other three, pretended to feel intimidated, and as a result tried to 3v1 them on the SMP. Needless to say, he no longer had any items to call his own. Sapnap, after killing Tommy for the seventh time, left again, saying that he had to finish editing his video.

After George had clearly told Tommy that there was no deal to be discussed, Tommy tried a different tactic.

“Ok ok. I see I’m not getting through to you, you worthless American. I bet you couldn’t even do an English accent if you tried.” Tommy sneered, trying to reference the recent war between the European content creators and the Dream Team in an attempt to bring up some sort of emotion that could possibly make George listen to his worthless deal, but unfortunately for Tommy, he had no idea what he had just gotten himself into.

“Oh you wanna bet?” George smirked. “How about this then, if I can do a passable English accent, George can judge, then you have to give me all of L’Manberg’s diamonds. If I can’t, then you get the discs. How does that sound?” George knew that the bet was already won, but of course, Tommy was oblivious. George could hear Dream laughing, as he too was aware of George’s advantage.

“Yeah... YEAH! Ok!” Tommy agreed, probably a little too quickly. George was surprised by how easily the sixteen year old gave away his friends’ wealths, but he didn’t really care. George was only really doing this for Tommy’s reaction.

“Ok, George, give me something to say.” George brought Dream into the conversation.

Dream was fighting hard not to laugh too hard and potentially give anything away. Upon hearing George ask for help, he tried his best to compose himself before speaking.

“Uhhh, say... My name is Dream and TommyInnit has just lost all his diamonds.”

George laughed. “Ok.” He cleared his throat, and switching back to his normal accent, he repeated Dream’s words.

Other than a few chuckles from himself and Dream, there was a stunned silence. George, who had opened Tommy’s stream while they were talking, watched Tommy as he sat there, absolutely dumbfounded.

“So... when can you get those diamonds to me?” George was aware that they all knew who had won the bet. There was no way he could have lost. Because of this, George decided to be a good sport.

“Ok, you know what Tommy? I’ll let you keep half of the diamonds, because I’m feeling generous.” Tommy was still speechless, only stammering out words in shock.

“Wha- you.. how?” George suddenly had a stroke of genius.

“You see, Tommy, in order to be able to anticipate your every move, I spent time studying you, your actions, your habits, even your speech. It enabled me to instantly tell when you were lying, or... trying to scam me.” George was proud of himself for coming up with such a clean alibi.

George sensed that staying around could lead to some potentially tricky questions, so he channelled Dream’s unpredictable character and decided to leave before it got awkward.

“Goodbye Tommy, until next time.” And with that, George left the vc, leaving Tommy still in shock. He rejoined the channel that he and Dream had previously been on together, and watched Tommy’s stream while he waited for Dream to rejoin him.

“George! That was amazing! You were amazing!” Dream had rejoined the channel and was celebrating their success.

“Yeah, that was fun.” George tried to play it cool, like he wasn’t secretly incredibly proud of himself for pulling off a convincing character on Tommy’s stream.

“And the bet? That was genius! You were literally perfect, that couldn’t have gone better.” George soaked up the praise silently, as he was still watching Tommy process what had just happened.

“I canNOT believe we tried to scam Dream and WE ended up losing diamonds! That is not how scamming works!” Tommy had gotten over his shock, and was now ranting about the unfairness of the bet.

George was sure that Tommy was exaggerating for the stream. For one, he knew almost for certain that he would not be receiving any diamonds any time soon. Regardless, it was hugely entertaining and exhilarating to show off his true accent, knowing that he wouldn’t be questioned.

“Heh, thanks.” George said in response to Dream’s praise. “So, do you need me to do anything else or can I go back to editing?”

“Nah, that was it. Thanks for your help dude.”

“It was my pleasure.”

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The three roommates celebrate Dream hitting 8 million subscribers, which leads to a few drinks and a few emotions surfacing....

Chapter Notes

Ok yeah so this chapter gets a lil edgy, there are alcohol mentions, george has a bit of a breakdown, but nothing too bad. I was really just having fun with a few ideas and ways of formatting the story, hope you enjoy!

It had been comfortably quiet in the evening of the following day. Both Dream and George had spent the morning and afternoon recording together and chatting, most of the chatting being Dream telling George more about his family. With only two days until the big family gathering, George had been getting anxious, understandably.

That peaceful silence, however, was broken by an excited yell, coming from Sapnap's room.

Both Dream and George listened as Sapnap's footsteps came out of his room and headed to George's room.

Sapnap burst in, startling Dream.

"DUDE! You just hit 8 mil on youtube! Congrats!" Sapnap shouted, happy for his best friend.

Dream laughed. He had been aware that he was getting close to 8 million subscribers, but truthfully, he hadn't expected to hit it so quickly, despite achieving 7 million subscribers not even two weeks ago.

George had joined the other two after hearing Sapnap's announcement.

“Did I hear Dream hit 8 mil? Does that mean it’s time for another celebration?” George was excited. The three didn’t drink that often, only really when one of them hit a youtube milestone or if there was something to celebrate. Dream hitting 8 million subscribers definitely called for a drink.

“Yesss! Let’s go!” Sapnap went to the kitchen, followed by Dream and George. Soon enough, they were each cheersing a shot together.

And so it began. After the initial shot, they each took another and then each cracked open a beer. Dream declined Sapnap’s suggestion of “a shot per million”, saying that he would prefer to be alive to see his next million.

The three found a spot in the sitting room, laughing and joking together, feeling the alcohol take effect. For Dream and George, they found that they had to get used to each others’ alcohol tolerances. George found that he could drink just a little bit more than Dream, but unfortunately, Dream found out that his body couldn’t tolerate his usual alcohol intake a little bit too late.

“Uh oh.” Dream looked worriedly at the other two. He remembered that he, and probably the other two as well, hadn’t eaten anything other than a piece of toast at breakfast. So, after two shots and three quarters of a beer on practically an empty stomach, Dream was already quite drunk. He felt a fuzzy feeling slowly covering his senses, and tiredness was creeping up on him.

George, although in Dream’s body with that extra bit of tolerance, was having the same experiences. He too hadn’t eaten anything since breakfast, and was well aware he had passed the point of being tipsy. Oh well, that was the whole point of this celebration anyway, so what did it matter?

After recognising that they were all sufficiently drunk, the three of them went back to talking, although there were a lot more giggles and slurring of words this time.

Sapnap, who was technically not old enough to drink (“by american law... but george is british and the legal age there is 18 so I’m good..”), was feeling the effects the most. During their conversation he became drowsier and drowsier, until his eyes closed and he wasn’t able to open them again.

Dream and George stopped their conversation as Sapnap’s light snores alerted them to what had happened. They both silently decided that they were not coordinated enough to take him to his room, so they sat there in silence.

The first time the three roommates had got drunk together, they had been curious to see what type of drunk they were.

For Sapnap, he was and always had been the sleepy type of drunk. And that streak had not been broken that evening, as he nestled further into the couch.

For Dream, he tended to be quite loud or reckless, however there had been times more recently, including tonight, where he had become more introspective.

George, on the other hand, had always been the quiet, introspective drunk. He usually spaced out after a few drinks, his thoughts spiralling. Tonight was unfortunately no different for George.

After the two had fallen silent, George's mind had wandered. He thought of everything that had happened recently, and felt a tug on his heart as he thought about the man sat less than a metre to his left.

As much as George had tried to forget about his feelings, he was painfully aware of how the alcohol was a sucker for bringing them to the forefront of his mind. He felt a rush of sadness as he reminded himself that Dream would never see him the way that he saw Dream.

George briefly toyed with the idea of telling Dream how he felt right then and there, because he had the option that if Dream rejected him then it was likely they would both forget about it the next morning. However, that could also work both ways. Also, George felt wrong telling himself that he liked Dream, it didn't feel genuine, so once again, George had to try his best to push his feelings away to a place where he wouldn't be tempted to play with them.

Pushing his feelings away didn't last long, as the more he pushed them away, the more tears threatened to spill. George fought desperately to hold everything in, but at the end of the day, it was either his feelings that came spilling out, or some tears. George, in his emotional, drunk state, went with the latter.

He let them flow, for once letting himself wallow in his sadness, only comforted by the fact that the other was oblivious to the reason of his sadness.

Dream turned as he heard a sniff from the man to his right. It took him a moment to focus on the image in front of him, as his vision was already blurry. As he did finally focus, he saw tears streaming down his friend's face. Dream was confused, as this was out of the blue, however he

decided that George would tell him whatever it was that was bothering him if he wanted to. Instead of asking, Dream quietly opened his arms, silently asking if the other wanted a hug.

George hesitated as he saw Dream offer a hug. Firstly, it was weird to hug himself, and secondly, he was scared that hugging “Dream” would only make his feelings worse. After a brief moment of consideration, George decided to shut his eyes tight and grab onto the person in front of him.

Dream closed his eyes, feeling desperate arms wrap around him. He let the other sob into his chest, knowing it was better at the moment not to ask. Dream felt a surge of emotions, he wrapped his arms tighter around his friend, wanting to protect him from all hurt.

They stayed locked in an embrace for a while, Dream letting George cry out all his feelings, while absent mindedly rubbing little circles into his back. Eventually, Dream took note of how George’s sobs had slowed to a rhythmical, deep breathing, and how he was no longer shaking in Dream’s arms. It wasn’t long before the lethargy that came with the alcohol finally overtook Dream too, and the pair fell asleep together, still intertwined.

Dream rubbed his eyes as he was awoken by the faint rays of sun creeping in through the sitting room window. It took him a second to recall why he was there, until he took note of the warm, sleeping body next to him. Then he remembered. Unfortunately for Dream, the memories brought a pounding headache with them, and he clutched at his forehead, hissing in pain.

He got up slowly, quietly moving George’s arm from around his waist, and then walking to the kitchen. Dream’s sole focus was on finding some Paracetamol, for him and then the other two when they woke up. He checked all the cabinets, but no success. They had run out.

Sighing, Dream sent a quick message to the group chat with Sapnap and George, telling them that he was going to the shop to pick up some painkillers. Shortly afterwards, Dream was swiftly walking out of the apartment and heading for the local store, trying his best to ignore the nausea he felt and the stabbing pains in his head.

George stirred as he heard a door closing nearby. He became immediately aware that he was alone on the couch, noting that the space just next to him was still warm. Confused, George sat up,

taking in his surroundings.

Having deduced that he was still in the sitting room from last night, George tried to remember everything that had happened. He remembered the three of them getting pretty drunk, Sapnap falling asleep, and then.. oh.

George remembered. He remembered his emotional breakdown, he remembered the tears, he remembered Dream wrapping him into a hug, he remembered the warmth that he felt, the rhythmical circles that Dream rubbed into his back, the little whispers of affirmations. And then, he was waking up, still on the couch, with Dream having left with seemingly no warning.

George checked his phone, which was conveniently on the coffee table just in front of him. The first thing he saw, along with a few notifications about twitter mentions, was a message from Dream to the group chat.

Dream: hey guys, i went to the store to pick up some painkillers, i'll be back soon

As if on cue, as George read the message, he too began noticing a headache looming, and all the effects of a hangover began to introduce themselves to his system. George groaned, falling back onto the couch, not wanting to move. Instead, George decided to message Dream to pass the time.

George: thanks, and btw im sorry about last night

George didn't expect Dream to reply, but he felt the need to apologise anyway. However, to his surprise, his phone lit up with a notification not even two minutes later.

Dream: you have nothing to be sorry for, let me know if you want to talk about anything :)

George felt a warmth in his heart as he read his friend's reply. He felt comforted that Dream didn't seem put off by his display of emotions. While he was in no place to tell the other what had caused his tears, he appreciated the offer.

George: will do :)

Dream: its kind of nice to message you actually, for once i can talk to you without having to see my face all the time

George: yeah, i miss being able to see your face everyday instead of my own

Dream: yeah, same

Dream: is sapnap awake btw?

George: uh.. i don't think so? i can poke him and check if you want??

Dream: sure lol

George: ... he's awake now xD

Dream chuckled at his phone, forgetting his surroundings as he thought of a reply. He was jolted back to reality, however, by an impatient cough. He looked up to see a fellow shopper waiting for him to move out of the way, as he was standing in the middle of the aisle.

Blushing with embarrassment and quickly stepping aside, Dream quickly finished his task of buying some painkillers and then resumed his conversation with George as he left the shop.

Dream: i hope you both are doing ok, how's the headache? i'm on my way back now

George: we're holding up, painkillers will be appreciated though

Dream: i won't be long, lets just hope i don't get stuck in another downpour xD

George: dream i SWEAR you are a DEAD MAN if you get ill AGAIN and i have to deal with it

Dream: ok ok i'll be careful lmao

Dream: ... but it was pretty funny...

George: DREAM

Dream: come on! you have to see the funny side... sapnap agrees with me

George: ...

George: ok i will admit, looking back on it, it is amusing... but i'm still mad at you

Dream: how can i make it up to you georgie?

George: firstly, shut up with the nicknames, secondly, there is nothing that can be done to cure the pain of betrayal

Dream: pff do you want me to kiss it better?

George: you wont lol

Dream: maybe i will ;)

Dream was joking, right? Although, the more he thought about it, the more he couldn't be sure. He couldn't deny, before the switch, Dream had always seen George as attractive, but he had just assumed that it was nothing to look into, as it was normal to see someone's features as attractive. But now, when the only part of his best friend that he could interact with was his personality, Dream had become aware of the same feelings still being around.

This left Dream with a lot of confusion. Up until very recently, Dream had been certain he was straight. He had been with girls, and was familiar with the feeling of attraction. So why did George

bring out the same feelings in him? Dream read their message thread again, which George was yet to reply to. He was joking... right?

George was currently malfunctioning. He had been sat, staring at his phone for the last five minutes, unable to move. He kept re-reading Dream's most recent message. That was a joke, right? Dream was joking. Of course he was. George shook himself, ignoring the concerned and intrigued expression on Sapnap's face.

Before George had even thought of a reply he heard the apartment door open and close again, this time accompanied by some footsteps. His heart fluttered as Dream walked back in not too long after, with some painkillers and three glasses of water.

He gratefully took a glass of water from the other and quickly downed two tablets. Dream followed suit, and then sat down next to George.

Both Dream and George couldn't meet each other's gaze. They both were deep in thought, unknowingly thinking the same thing.

There was no way Dream could like George, right?

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

While packing to leave for Dream's old house, Dream remembers a little too late that George is allergic to pineapple. Also, while sleeping off the allergic reaction, he has a very real dream... is there something Dream isn't telling himself, let alone George?

Chapter Notes

chapter ten babyyyy, sorry its quite short, but i promise chapter eleven is gonna be thicc. I'm planning to cover the entirety of dream and george's adventures with dream's family in one chapter, regardless of length, which also means that i might not be able to finish it in time to keep up with my somehow daily updates. i'll try my best, but it may need an extra day :)

anyway, i hope you enjoy this chapter, the pineapple allergy idea was a comment suggested by the user Henry's Dragon, so thank you for that, and thank you as always to everyone for reading and supporting <3

“So you bought your little sister some dolls a couple years ago, which are her favourite present and every time you’re around she tries to get you to play them with her?” George was trying his best to absorb all the information that had been thrown at him in the past hour, as he sat on his bed, watching Dream stuff his clothes into a bag.

“Yeah, so just beware, she’ll probably try to ambush you at some point.” Dream picked up a brownish shirt, deciding whether to add it to the bag, or leave it.

“Dude, that shirt looks terrible! There’s no way you’re taking that.” George said in mock disgust.

“Ok, firstly, don’t judge my fashion sense, and secondly, this is YOUR WARDROBE, George.” Dream threw the shirt at his friend, who fell back on the bed, laughing.

Dream checked his bag. He had enough clothes for three days, along with his laptop, phone and chargers. Closing the bag, Dream felt his stomach grumble.

“Yo, I’m gonna order a pizza, you want anything?” Dream quickly ordered his food after George

politely declined his offer. Putting his phone away, Dream sat in George's chair, facing his friend, who was still lying on the bed.

"What did you say was your favourite meal that your mum makes?" George asked, breaking the short silence.

"Uhhh, chicken pasta?" The other nodded and went back to staring at the ceiling, a look of concentration on his face.

George was really trying his best to remember everything. Tomorrow was the big day, and he did not want to mess this up. Even though the worst case scenario was that Dream's family found out, and they were confused for a bit, both Dream and George didn't want to worry anyone, or cause anyone to try and intervene.

Dream and George chatted a bit more, still talking about all the possible scenarios that could occur the next day or in the coming days, and then Dream's pizza arrived.

Dream brought it back to George's room, where he continued their conversation, occasionally taking a bite as he listened to the other.

It only took a few minutes for Dream to realise something was very wrong.

Initially, when Dream noticed a tingly sensation in his mouth, he had thought that the pizza place had accidentally added chilli to the topping, and he didn't think much of it.

Then it got worse, the tingly sensation evolved into an itchy sensation, and Dream got worried.

"Uh, George? Why is my mouth on fire right now?" Dream asked, cutting George off mid sentence.

George was confused, but then he looked closer at the pizza toppings.

"Oh my god, Dream! Have I not told you that I'm allergic to pineapple like, a million times?" George couldn't help but laugh as his friend's expression changed from confusion to horror.

Dream considered himself to be a pretty smart guy. He had shown off his intellect in his videos many times, there was no doubting it. And to be fair, it's not exactly everyday you're swapped into your best friend's body. But even so, Dream felt incredibly dumb in that moment.

He put the rest of his Hawaiian pizza to the side and sighed as he felt the allergic reaction kick in. His mouth felt... itchy? And his lips were swelling painfully. Not too long after, Dream felt a rush of sickness as the pineapple started to digest into his system.

George felt bad for his friend, as amusing as the situation was. He thought back to when he was ill, and imagined that Dream would be feeling similar to how he did. Fortunately, this time, there was actual medicine that could help, which George stood up to go and find.

"Dream, go lie down, I'll bring you a glass of water and some Benadryl, it'll help relieve the symptoms." George left briefly to find what he was looking for.

Dream got up slowly from the chair, and flopped down on the bed, feeling incredibly stupid. And still hungry. George returned shortly afterwards, with medicine and water.

"Take this, and you should feel the swelling go down a bit, and the itchiness should calm down too." Dream was glad to be taken care of by someone who knew what was going on first hand.

Dream didn't feel much like talking, after taking the anti-allergy medicine. Instead, he just listened to George ramble on about a video idea he was working on. He started feeling tired, and not because George's words were boring him. He tuned in and out of the conversation, his eyes beginning to slide shut. It was odd, because it was still around midday, and Dream was almost asleep, but George must have noticed as he explained.

"Oh by the way, a common side effect of that medicine is it makes you sleepy, so don't worry." Dream relaxed as he understood that the feelings of tiredness were normal. He went back to listening to George's idea, slowly drifting further and further away, until he wasn't listening to George anymore.

George trailed off as a small snore came from the sleeping man. He hoped that Dream would be able to sleep off the rest of the allergic reaction, and that he would be alright for travelling tomorrow. George got up and left his room quietly, leaving Dream in peace.

Dream took in a breath, feeling refreshed by the salty sea air and the cool breeze. He and George sat together in comfortable silence, alone on the beach, watching the waves wash repetitively on the shore. The sun was beginning to disappear behind the horizon, casting a beautiful array of colours into the sky.

Dream turned to the man sitting next to him. He marvelled at the way his eyes shone, reflecting the beautiful colours that he was unable to see himself.

“I wish you could see this sunset properly, it’s beautiful.” He said softly, as the other turned to face him.

“It’s ok, I have a better view.” George smiled as he cast his gaze over the other man’s features.

Dream’s heart fluttered, as he gazed, lost in the other’s deep hazel eyes. He almost unknowingly moved his hand to cup the smaller man’s chin, moving him ever closer.

“I wouldn’t be so sure of that.” He said under his breath, as the brunet edged closer still.

They could feel each others’ breaths on their faces, Dream looked down to George’s lips. They were so close..

Dream leaned in further, their noses brushing. He closed his eyes, feeling George’s soft lips touch ever so slightly on his own, and...

“-eam... Dream wake UP!”

Dream’s eyes flew open. In his confused, disoriented state, it took him a little longer than usual to gain his bearings. He was in bed, being shaken awake rather vigorously by George.

George.

Dream felt like he'd been slapped in the face as his dream came back to him. He was almost literally slapped in the face as George shook him again, impatiently.

“Dream, you need to get up! We need to leave in like half an hour!”

Oh fuck.

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Dream and George go to visit Dream's family. The problem is, no one can know that they've switched bodies. Shenanigans ensue.

Chapter Notes

Oh boy. this has been a hecking week in the making. almost 10k words and a WHOLE lot of chaos. However, before you get into it, I would like to just disclaim that I have not researched into Dream's family while writing this chapter as he has expressed his discomfort with fans knowing stuff about his personal life in that way. All these family members are fictional and not meant to represent Dream's actual family. Now, without further ado, please enjoy this rollercoaster of a chapter <3

Dream was staring out of the car window, watching trees and other cars pass by. After being woken up with hardly any time to get ready, it had been a stressful half hour. Now though, he was in the car, and able to relax a little. However, while the worry of getting everything packed and leaving on time had now subsided, Dream's mind was still reeling as he remembered the events of his dream.

He had been about to kiss George. There was no denying it. Dream was still processing this piece of information, utterly baffled. Surely, he didn't see George that way in real life? As he had admitted to himself previously, he did see George's physicality attractive, but there was no actual romantic attraction there, right? More and more, Dream wasn't so sure he could confidently deny it. He shook his head, and tried his best to push his concerns to the back of his mind. As he did so, he became aware of an impatient voice trying to get his attention.

"Earth to Dream? Anyone in there?" George was keeping his focus on the road, every so often catching glances at his friend, who looked deep in thought.

Dream brought himself back to reality. "Sorry, what did you say?"

"I was asking if we needed to turn off this road soon." The pair had briefly discussed the driving arrangements prior to setting off, and had decided that George should drive and Dream would give directions, because they didn't want to risk any family seeing them pull up to the house and see what looked like George driving. They wanted to cause as little confusion or suspicion as possible.

“Uh yeah, you need to turn off at the next left.” George nodded and did so when the turn came up. They both had been fairly quiet for most of the drive so far, but now George tried to make conversation.

“What were you thinking about?” Dream froze, trying to think of something to say, because it definitely couldn’t be the truth.

“Um... I was just thinking about when we get there. You remember I’m gonna have to call you Clay, right?” George nodded in understanding, seemingly accepting Dream’s lie.

It wasn’t too long of a drive from their apartment to Dream’s family home, only a couple of hours. After the initial quiet at the start of the journey, Dream let himself forget about his worries and appointed himself DJ, so for most of the remaining drive they were loudly singing along to his selection of songs.

Just before they arrived at the house, however, it was quiet again. Dream could sense George’s nerves building by the way his shoulders tensed and his knuckles turned white as they gripped the steering wheel.

“You good?” Dream asked.

“Uhh... just a bit nervous.” George admitted, which was a huge understatement.

Dream suddenly had an idea. “Wait, how about we make up a codeword or signal so that I can know when you’re feeling overwhelmed or uncomfortable, and try to get you out of there? How about you scratch behind your right ear twice or something?”

George nodded slowly, taking in Dream’s words while also focusing on driving. That sounded like a good idea.

“Yeah.. that could work. Even if I don’t use it, it’s nice to know that I have that option, thanks.” George was highly appreciative of all the care Dream was putting in to make sure George was as comfortable as possible in this situation. George suspected that Dream still felt quite bad for him for having to do this, but George didn’t mind. At the very least, it was a few days that he could spend with his best friend.

“There. On the right, that’s it.” Dream pointed out the house. George carefully pulled in and stopped the engine. They sat there, both mentally preparing themselves for everything that was about to happen. George was quickly running through the list of family members he was about to see, and Dream was trying to get into the “I didn’t spend my entire childhood with most of these people” mindset.

“You ready?”

“Let’s do this.”

The pair got out of the car together and headed to the front door, leaving their bags in the car for the moment. Dream gestured for George to go ahead and knock, offering a reassuring smile.

George walked towards the door. He took a breath, reassuring himself that he was going to be fine, and that the knowledge that he had gained in the past week was more than sufficient for a three day visit. He extended his hand and knocked.

There was really no turning back now, as footsteps could be heard running towards the door. The door swung open and George recognised the face of Dream’s mother.

“Clay! It’s great to see you! Come here! And George is here too? How lovely!” Dream’s mother pulled George into a tight hug, while smiling at Dream who stood behind them.

“Hey mom.” George hoped his accent would be good enough for Dream’s own family. Once again, no comments were made.

“Well, come on in! Leave your bags for now, come and say hello to everyone else! We’re all waiting for you in the sitting room.” Dream’s mom, who’s name George recalled to be Liz, led them through the house. George did his best to get his bearings of the layout. While he had been to the house before, he had never been to the house as Dream, who had lived there for well over ten years.

George cast a brief glance over to his friend, who grinned and gave him a small thumbs up. They walked through to the sitting room and George was met with four other faces. He kept a smile on his face as he tried to remember as much as he could. There was a tall man that looked a lot like Dream, who George immediately recognised as Dream’s father, David, there were two small

children, a boy and a girl, and there was a woman who also shared a lot of Dream's features. George figured that he was looking at Dream's three siblings.

"Hey everyone!" George addressed the room, receiving cheerful greetings back. After a few hugs and some playful shoves from the younger two, George looked back at Dream, who for a second had an odd expression on his face, but it disappeared as Dream noticed George watching him.

"I hope you don't mind, but George is with me as well." Dream smiled at his family, as they all turned their attention to him.

"Yeah, I'm sorry to gatecrash, but I've been wanting to visit Clay's hometown, and he suggested that I come down with him." Dream lied on the spot.

"Of course we don't mind! The more the merrier! Although you will have to share Clay's room, because the guest room is Jen's." Liz nodded to the young woman, Jen, who George knew to be Dream's older sister.

"That's fine with me." Dream was more relieved that his family didn't suspect anything, sleeping arrangements were the least of his problems.

Greetings out of the way, Dream and George went back to the car to collect their bags, and Liz directed them upstairs.

"Go on Clay, you and George go and get settled in your room, there's a spare mattress in the closet, and then come down and have some lunch." George nodded, heading for the stairs.

"Right at the end of the hall." Dream whispered into George's ear, reminding the other. George was grateful, because he hadn't been sure where Dream's room was. They entered the room and shut the door behind them, dropping their bags.

"Oh my good god." George collapsed onto the single bed, dropping his american accent immediately. "That was terrifying."

Dream chuckled. "You did really well, dude. They didn't suspect a thing." He sat on the edge of his bed next to George. "It's so weird though, seeing my family and not being able to properly hug them and spend time with them." George remembered the expression he'd seen on Dream's face.

Now that he thought about it, the expression had looked less odd, more... sad. George couldn't blame him, his friend was literally seeing his family for the first time in a year, and wasn't able to properly interact with them because of some stupid spell. George hoped for Dream's sake that they could figure out what it was that would reverse the spell, and fast.

"Yeah, it must suck. But unfortunately, we don't have much of a choice. Anyway, I'm sure you can still spend some time with everyone as a group without it looking suspicious. Remember, I got your back just as much as you got mine, ok?" George tried his best to reassure his friend.

Dream nodded, returning the smile George gave him, before they both headed back out of their room and downstairs for lunch, deciding to leave setting up the bed for later.

After finishing lunch, both Dream and George mostly stayed in Dream's room for the rest of the day, claiming to be exhausted after a long trip down, which was only half a lie. What they also weren't telling the rest of Dream's family was that they were also exhausted due to the stress of constantly acting as each other.

So far, everything was going well, but George knew that the days to come would bring new challenges, as Liz had mentioned that her sister, and Dream's aunt, was coming to see them. George had prepared for this, but it didn't stop his nerves. He knew that for the next few days he would constantly be alert and on edge, hyper aware of anyone who might be looking at him or talking to him.

Dream, while it was still a conscious effort to change his behaviours and voice, definitely had it easier, as his family didn't know George as well as they knew Dream. This meant that he could be himself a bit more, and he wouldn't give rise to any suspicions. Even so, Dream was far from unaware of George's stress, and made sure to do as much as possible to make it easier for him.

As the evening rolled around, everyone was called to dinner. They all sat round the table, chatting and catching up. George did his best, but kept quiet as much as possible just to be safe. Dream, on the other hand, didn't quite have that luxury, as his own family was bombarding him with questions about "his" life and what "he'd" been doing recently. Dream took a second to come up with a convincing answer.

"Well, I've been doing pretty much that same stuff as Clay. We record together a lot, I've also been trying to stream a lot more frequently. Actually, we had an idea for a video recently..." Dream had a stroke of genius. He remembered the video idea George had been talking about just yesterday,

when he was half asleep on anti-allergy medication. Dream was honestly surprised he had remembered so many details about it, but he sure didn't regret it as he recounted the information to his family, who all looked impressed by the idea. Dream shot a glance at George while he was talking, who also looked equally surprised that Dream had remembered his idea.

After that, Dream's family seemed to slow down with the questions, allowing Dream to actually eat his food. Soon enough, everyone had finished and not long after that, Dream and George excused themselves and went back to their room, saying goodnight to Dream's family.

"I can't believe you actually listened to what I was saying." George said as soon as the door had shut behind them. Dream chuckled, "Of course I did, I listen to everything you say. Mostly." George cracked a smile and the two went about getting ready for bed.

Together, they set up a small bed using the spare mattress, and being the stubborn, competitive people that they were, they played a quick game of rock paper scissors to determine who had the spare bed for the first night. After Dream had stopped complaining about getting the spare bed, and George had stopped gloating, the two were finally quiet, scrolling through social media and messaging friends, before eventually drifting off to sleep.

It had been an interesting first day, but the fun was only beginning.

The morning of the second day was still and quiet. The sun was just beginning to emerge, casting little rays of light onto the small town, every now and then peeking into the windows of people who didn't fully close their curtains the night before. One of those little rays of light managed to find its way into a certain bedroom, where it laid to rest on the soon to be open eyes of a tall male body.

George stirred as an unusually bright light forced his eyes open. Blinking, he noticed the sun shining through the small gap in the curtains. For a second George forgot where he was, but upon looking around the room, where he could make out the sleeping figure of his best friend, he remembered immediately.

George stayed in bed, taking in the peacefulness and tranquility of the morning. He cast his mind back to the day before, thinking about everything he had said and done. George sincerely hoped that he had learned and practised enough.

George grasped his phone off of the bedside table to check the time. It was coming up to 10am. George didn't remember Dream telling him what time his family usually got up, so he decided that he would just get up anyway.

As quietly as he could so as not to wake up Dream, George climbed out of bed and headed out of the room and towards the kitchen. As he entered it, he noticed Jen, already sitting at the kitchen counter, sipping at a coffee as she scrolled through her phone.

"Hey Jen." George mustered up his courage and tried to act casual around someone he barely knew at all. From what Dream had told him, it seemed that Jen and Dream had the strongest sibling connection out of all of them, so George knew that this could be a potentially dangerous situation if he did anything wrong.

"Hey Clay, good sleep?" Jen looked up from her phone, greeting George warmly.

"Yeah, pretty good. So, how have you been? We didn't get too much time to catch up yesterday." George sincerely hoped that Dream didn't keep up an online conversation with his sister. He cursed himself for not asking beforehand. Fortunately for George, Jen didn't find his question confusing.

"Oh, you know, just trying to stay on top of everything, what with college, work and all." George remembered that Jen was in her last year of college, and would be graduating soon.

"How's that going? Completely stress free, I'd assume?" George joked, earning a laugh from the other.

"Oh of course, trying to hold down a night shift at a 24 hour pizza place while balancing my fourth year of a degree. It's positively easy, though, you wouldn't know." Jen joined in on the joke. George was about to correct her, and tell her that he already had a computer science degree, but he stopped himself just in time. Of course, he may have graduated university, but Dream hadn't even attended it.

"It seems like I'm doing just fine without knowing all about how easy and fun it is anyway." George said instead.

Jen didn't reply, instead just rolling her eyes with a smile. George took it that their conversation was finished, at least for the time being, and so he went about making himself a coffee.

Midway through making his coffee, George heard a shuffle from the entrance to the kitchen. He turned to see Dream, looking tired but happy to see him.

“Hey George, I hope you slept well?” George half teased, knowing that his friend definitely didn’t sleep too well, judging from the bed that he had slept on. Dream sent him a half hearted death stare, lifting his hand to point at the bags under his eyes.

“You see these? I am entirely blaming you and your cheating at rock paper scissors for these.”

“Dude, how is it even possible to cheat at rock paper scissors?”

A brief pause.

“...Shut up.”

George laughed as Dream shoved him sleepily. He took his coffee and went to sit next to Jen as he watched Dream move around the kitchen, making his own drink.

“So... what are your plans for today?” Jen asked the other two.

“Uhh..” George’s mind was blank. He couldn’t remember if there was any family arriving today, and whether they would stay at the house to meet the family, or if they could go out for the day, and if so, George had even less of an idea of what to do in town. Thankfully, Dream came to the rescue.

“Actually, I was wondering if me and Clay can go out into town for the day? I really want to take a look around while I’m here.” Dream had been planning to take George into town at some point anyway, so now seemed like the perfect opportunity. “But of course, I wanted to check that no one is arriving today, because I wouldn’t want Clay to miss seeing them when they get here.” Dream looked at Jen as he said this, pointing the question towards her.

“No, no one is coming today, you two go and enjoy yourselves in town.” Jen answered.

“Great! We can go as soon as we’re finished here then.” Dream had to pretend to be excited, although it wasn’t too hard, as he was still excited about spending the day with George.

The two hastily finished their drinks and after quickly going back to their room to change and get ready, they were both walking out the front door.

They walked out of the driveway and kept quiet for a good few minutes until both were absolutely positive that there was no way they could be seen or heard by any of Dream’s family.

George was the first to speak, “So, where are you taking me?” he asked, having already dropped his american accent, seeing as there was no need to keep it up.

“I didn’t really have much of a plan, to be honest. I can give you a few options, but we don’t have to stick to any sort of schedule.” Dream had also dropped his british accent, and he stuffed his hands into one of his own hoodies, which looked massive when on George’s smaller body.

“Ok, so what do you suggest?” George prompted.

“How about we start by getting some actual breakfast, I know a really great cafe that’s facing out onto the beach?” Dream suggested, trying to read George’s expression.

“Yeah that sounds like a plan, I am pretty hungry.” George agreed, and they set off walking to the cafe.

At this point, as it was nearing midday, the sun had now fully risen into the sky, and was beaming down on the pair as they walked to the cafe. Dream, as comfy as he had been, had to take his hoodie off and tie it around his waist, because even he couldn’t handle the temperature. He blamed it on George’s body being weak anyway. George dismissed Dream’s excuses, although he did think it might have some sense in it, seeing as he didn’t feel as affected by the sun’s powerful rays.

Ten minutes of walking later, Dream pulled George into a little cafe. Both of them were relieved to be out of the direct sun, and they turned their attention to the small queue of people waiting to be served. It wasn’t long, only a couple of people, so they decided to wait.

“Do you want to stay here and eat or should we go somewhere else?” Dream asked as they scanned the menus.

“Um.. I’m not sure..” George was busy reading the list of breakfast rolls to focus on Dream’s question, however his head whipped up as a voice in front of him caught his attention.

“Clay? Is that you? My goodness it’s been years! How have you been?” George found the face attached to the voice. It was a middle aged man who was in front of them in the line, and he was smiling jovially at him. George was frozen, trying his absolute best not to show any fear externally. He felt a tug on his arm and a voice in his ear.

“Mr Davis, my high school computer science teacher. I was his favourite.” Dream hissed into his friend’s ear as discreetly as possible, trying to communicate as much information as he could without the man in front of them noticing too much.

George took in this information and let his face break into a smile. “Mr Davis! It’s great to see you again!” George mustered up all his courage and hoped that he knew enough to get through this interaction.

“And the same to you, Clay! I trust you’ve been using your excellent computing skills since finishing my class?” George swallowed nervously. The conversation was in danger of edging into more personal information territory, and George knew it would be over if that happened. He tried to remember if Dream had gone on to do any further education in computing, but he was pretty confident he hadn’t. George then had an idea.

“Indeed I have! I’m in my second year of college, majoring in computer science! I must say, I wouldn’t be half as good as I am if it weren’t for your excellent teaching.” George decided that seeing as he and Dream most definitely wouldn’t be seeing Dream’s old teacher again, at least for another few years, George figured that he could just tell him about his own studies, and just tailor it to fit the age difference, knowing that the man would be none the wiser.

Dream couldn’t hold it in any longer, he ducked out of the conversation and walked a short distance away. Hiding behind a pillar, Dream let out his laughter. For some reason, it was hysterically funny to him that his old computer science teacher and George were talking as if they’ve known each other for years. He let out a wheeze as the image of George’s alarmed face imprinted itself onto his brain. He felt bad for George, as it was definitely unlucky that they had run into someone who knew Dream from his childhood, but George seemed to be keeping up some sort of composure, despite only knowing about three things about his conversation partner.

Dream decided to make himself useful, and went to buy him and George some food while the other two stayed chatting. A couple minutes later, Dream was returning to his friend, and by the look on George’s face, he couldn’t have returned fast enough.

“Hi there, Mr Davis, was it? I’m so sorry to interrupt you two, as I’m sure there’s a lot you have to catch up on, but myself and Clay have something planned for 11:30, and we’d really better be going.” Dream smiled warmly at his favourite teacher, who nodded in understanding.

“Of course, of course! It was nice seeing you again Clay!” Mr Davis backed away from the pair and turned around again with a little wave. Dream took George by the arm and steered him from the shop.

As soon as they were a safe enough distance away, Dream burst out laughing again.

“What’s so funny?” George asked, knowing full well what it was that was cracking his friend up.

“You… you should’ve seen your face!” Dream wheezed, bending over and clutching his stomach.

George’s mouth twitched, but he still fought to stop a laugh from escaping. “That wasn’t very nice of you to leave me on my own with him, Dream.” His comment only made the other laugh harder. George decided to just let the man get it out of his system. It took a minute or two, but eventually, Dream had composed himself.

“I’m sorry George, I know I probably shouldn’t have left you, but hey, it gave me the chance to buy us food.” Dream shoved a warm roll into George’s hands.

George sighed. “You really know how to buy my forgiveness.” He took a bite into his food and they walked on in companionable silence.

George followed Dream, who suggested they go to the beach, which was only a few minutes away from the cafe. The plan had been to eat their food there, but both Dream and George had been so hungry that there was nothing left by the time they set foot on the sand.

Instead, Dream led George to a small space on the very end of the beach. As they walked, they gradually saw a decrease in people around them, to the point where when they got to their destination, they were all alone.

The place where Dream had taken them was a beautiful little sheltered cove, where the waves at

high tide had gradually eroded a small indent into the rocks, giving the pair a natural cover from the sun. At this time of day it was low tide, so there were no waves intruding on the space that had been created. It was a very calm and peaceful place, a place that Dream and George had all to themselves.

“When did you find this?” George asked in amazement as he looked around the area.

“A while ago when my family had a beach day. I was probably like ten or something.” Dream chuckled as he found a place to sit. “I’m surprised it’s still mostly undiscovered by the general public.”

George went to sit next to Dream, and they quietly watched the distant waves as they washed on the shore. He felt calm and content as he watched children playing in the water, and dogs racing up and down the sand. He heard a quiet but sharp intake of breath next to him, and he turned to look at the source of the sound.

Dream’s mind was racing. He was engulfed in a strong feeling of déjà vu, as he sat on the beach, his best friend looking up at him. Images from his dream were flashing through his head, and as more and more time went on, Dream wondered how much of his dream would stay as just a dream. He mentally shook himself, trying to calm his thoughts. No. Not like this. Not when it was his own face looking back at him. And besides, his friend was just innocently looking at him. There were no implications that could lead to that train of events. Dream almost felt disgusted with himself for even thinking of it.

“You good?” George’s words were enough to bring Dream all the way back down to Earth. He was finally able to push all thoughts of his dream to the back of his mind, and his eyes focused on the person in front of him.

“Yeah... yeah I’m fine. I was just thinking of... a memory of here.” Dream was only half lying, but it was enough for his friend, who didn’t push the subject. Instead, George leaned back on his elbows, and changed the subject, much to Dream’s relief.

“I was thinking too, about this whole thing. The switch, everything that’s happened, and I realised that we never actually got the chance to talk about it. It just.. happened.” George’s eyes were watching the waves again, as he voiced his thoughts.

Dream hummed in agreement. It was true, in all the chaos, him and George hadn’t even had much of a chance to talk about the actual switch itself.

“Yeah. I guess we haven’t.”

Dream hadn’t even thought about it himself, let alone with George. He took a moment to reflect briefly.

“I guess.. I’m worried that we won’t find what it is that will switch us back.. I feel... guilty, because it was kinda my fault for getting us into this in the first place. I’m disappointed that I can’t see you in your body all the time anymore. But then again, I guess when you take away the physical aspect of a friendship, it leaves only the person on the inside to bond with. I feel like I know you so much better already, and it’s only been a few days.” Dream conveniently skipped over that other feeling that had surfaced, the one that even he wasn’t sure what it was.

George felt like crying. He had no idea Dream was feeling all of these things. It hadn’t even crossed his mind that Dream could be bearing the guilt of the switch. Sure, he had asked Bad to read a spell, but there was no way he could have known it would actually do anything. George told Dream this.

“Dude, never in a million years should you feel guilty for this. Sure, it’s a bit of an inconvenience, but no one is blaming you for it. There was no way you could have known about the spell being real. You gotta see the positives that have come from this, rather than all the negatives.” George took his eyes away from the sea and met Dream’s gaze with a genuine intensity.

“For one, as you said, we’ve been able to get to know each other a million times better. Two, you have to admit that it has been fun doing all the things as each other, the livestream, the SMP...” George trailed off before he mentioned his third point. He couldn’t mention his third point, not ever.

He couldn’t tell Dream how the switch let him realise just how strong his feelings were for his friend. George agreed with Dream’s point, taking away the physical aspect of a friendship or any type of relationship only makes you value the person on the inside more. Before the switch, George had done fairly well at ignoring his feelings, mostly because he believed they were purely physical attractions. But the switch had proved him so incredibly wrong. But George couldn’t say anything. He would ruin the friendship he had, and the thought of that terrified him.

Dream felt comforted by George’s reassurance. “Thanks. I guess there’s no use thinking about how I could have changed my actions when it’s already happened. But it is nice to know that you don’t blame me.” Dream smiled, and turned back to watch a couple of birds fighting over some dropped food.

George was relieved that Dream hadn't noticed his brief spiral. Once again trying to clear his mind of any unwanted thoughts, he brought his attention to their plan for the rest of the day.

"So what are we doing after this?" He asked. Dream shrugged in response.

"I don't mind. I figured you'd probably want to walk around town for a bit, so we could do that?" He suggested, to which George nodded in agreement.

"Sounds good."

The pair stayed at the cove a little while longer, both enjoying the secrecy and calmness of the place. Eventually, they both got up and left, making sure to leave it exactly as it was.

Soon enough, they had left the beach behind them and were walking towards the town centre, where there were more shops, and more people. George spent the rest of the afternoon hopping between all the little shops, sometimes just looking in the window, and sometimes going in to browse. Dream, who had seen these streets countless times before, was just enjoying watching his friend being excited.

"Dude, I get that you're having fun and I'm not stopping you, but just remember that I've seen all of this before, and anyone who knows me would know that. So just keep it in mind, ok?" Dream warned his friend gently.

George was confused at first, but then remembered who he looked like, and laughed. "Oh yeah, sorry." He made a note to think of a few excuses before continuing to peer into another shop window.

The rest of the afternoon passed extremely quickly. Before they knew it, the sun was beginning to disappear again behind the horizon, casting shadows over the town. Eventually, George became aware of the fading light, as did Dream. They finished their adventure through town and started walking back to the house.

Both were extremely tired when they finally walked through the front door, but they knew that it wasn't exactly safe to fully relax either, knowing that they had to keep up their guard at least to some extent around Dream's family.

It was coming up to 6pm when Dream and George collapsed on the couch in the sitting room. Liz had shouted from the kitchen as they arrived back that dinner was almost ready, so the pair had stayed downstairs to wait.

George had closed his eyes to rest momentarily before dinner, but before he could properly relax he felt a tug on his leg and a weight on his lap. He opened his eyes in surprise to see Lily, Dream's little sister, brandishing some dolls in his face. Dream snickered next to him, and George was willing to bet a significant amount of money that Dream was feeling incredibly relieved that it wasn't him that his sister was nagging for once.

"Hi Lily! You wanna play a bit before dinner? George sat up, careful not to tip the young girl off his lap and onto the floor.

"Pleeeeeeassee?" George's heart melted as she gave him her best puppy dog eyes. He grinned, and to Dream's surprise, he lifted her up and sat her down on the floor, before sitting down opposite her and taking one of the dolls she offered to him.

Dream could not process what he was seeing. When he had told George about Lily wanting to play dolls with him, he had expected George to be prepared to give excuses as to why he couldn't play. He had not expected George to willingly accept her invitation. Dream sat on the couch watching them as they moved the dolls, talking in funny voices and making up little scenes. He couldn't believe that George was actually willingly playing dolls with his sister.

George could almost feel Dream's gaze of shock on the back of his neck. He was very aware that Dream had told him about Lily wanting to play dolls as a warning, but George didn't see much of an issue with spending some time playing with the seven year old. He was having fun, anyway, and more importantly, Lily was enjoying his company too.

They played for a little while longer, before Liz announced that dinner was ready. George got up, handing the dolls back to Lily, who happily skipped off. He turned around to see Dream shaking his head in disbelief.

"I cannot believe I just saw that happen." George laughed.

"Ha, I'm full of surprises. Tomorrow I'll be having a wine night with Liz." George joked as he turned and left the sitting room to go and join the rest of the family.

Little did he know, George had been a lot more truthful than he was aware of.

Dream woke up first the next morning, which was unusual. It was even more unusual, considering that George had lost the rock paper scissors game for the bed last night, and Dream knew first hand that it was bloody difficult to sleep on that spare mattress. However, both Dream and George had been exhausted after such a full on day the day before, so Dream wasn't too worried. It didn't even surprise him when he looked at the time on his phone and saw that it was almost 11am.

"Wake up, sleeping beauty. You're dangerously close to sleeping through lunch." Dream smirked as he leaned over from the bed to poke his friend's shoulder.

"Mffmh.... go 'way... m'tired..." Dream almost felt bad for the guy. It really was a shame that it had come to this. Sighing, while trying to stop any laughter from escaping his mouth, Dream quietly got out of bed and knelt next to his friend.

You see, Dream, although he didn't show it, was actually quite a ticklish person. And because of this vulnerability, he had made note of his own weak spots, so as to be able to defend those areas better if someone were to try and tickle him. This also meant that Dream knew exactly where to attack George.

"AAH, DREAM!" George yelled rather loudly as Dream grabbed a hold of his ankles and started tickling. Well, he sure was awake now. But that didn't stop Dream.

Dream had made a tactical decision. The underside of his feet were his weakest points, so starting there would divert almost all of George's attention, while Dream could then move on to attacking behind the knees, slowly making his way up to the sides. George, in his sleepy state, had extremely poor reaction speeds, which Dream was taking full advantage of.

Dream continued his attack for a good few minutes, all the while George was struggling between yelling for Dream to stop and just trying to breathe through his laughter.

Eventually, once Dream was 100% sure that George was not going back to sleep, he ceased his attack.

“I... hate you...” George panted, shooting Dream a death glare. Dream only chuckled evilly.

“Good morning to you too, idiot. Now get your ass up and come downstairs with me, it’s almost lunch.” Dream stood up and went to pull on a hoodie, giving George some time to calm down.

Shortly afterwards, the pair were walking into the kitchen, only to find a chaotic situation unravelling.

Liz was looking flustered as Lily and Dream’s younger brother, Max were tugging at her hands. When she looked up and saw the two of them her face broke into a relieved smile.

“Ah Clay and George! I hope you both slept well. I’m sorry to spring this on you but the kids are demanding I take them to the park, would you mind making lunch for the family today?” She asked hurriedly.

George panicked. He didn’t know the first thing about cooking. Heck, he’d had to ask Sapnap how to make toast once, so a meal for an entire family? He was done for. Or so he thought.

“Don’t worry Liz, we’ll be happy to help out, it’ll be fun!” George felt a tugging on his arm, dragging him into the kitchen as Dream reassured Liz, who thanked them both and ushered the two children out of the house.

“What are you playing at? I can’t cook for my life!” George hissed as he whipped around to face Dream once the front door had closed.

“Duh, I know that, so I’ll just do the cooking and you help with anything you can manage. We’ll be fine!” Dream said confidently.

George was skeptical, but he agreed anyway. It wasn’t exactly like they had a choice now.

And so they got to work. Dream looked around, trying to think of something to make, and eventually decided on a pasta bake. It was easy enough, all they had to do was shove some things into some pasta and add a shit ton of cheese. Simple.

“George, can you put the pasta on? It needs to be cooked before we add anything to it.” Dream asked as he chopped some vegetables. George hesitantly poured enough pasta for the family into a pan and turned on the heat. A few minutes later, Dream let out a yell.

“GEORGE! YOU NEED TO ADD WATER FOR THE PASTA TO COOK YOU IDIOT!” Dream leapt towards the dry pan of pasta which was beginning to burn, and took it off the heat. George blushed with embarrassment.

“Ah right, I thought it was smelling funny.” He said sheepishly as he went to fill the pan up with water, before returning the pan to the heat.

They returned to preparing vegetables and ingredients to add to the pasta. Dream tasked George with grating cheese, something that he definitely couldn’t mess up, unless he didn’t watch where his fingers were and they ended up accidentally adding an extra flavour to the pasta.

After the pasta fiasco, things went pretty smoothly from there. Other than George almost burning his entire hand on a red hot pan handle, or slicing half his forefinger off when trying to cut broccoli, or almost burning his entire hand again when he nearly brushed it against the inside of a 180°C oven as he put the pasta bake in, other than all of that, pretty smoothly.

At long last, the pasta was done. Liz had arrived back with Lily and Max, and everyone was sitting to the table in the dining room. George was just about to take the pasta bake into the room and place it in the centre of the table, when the doorbell rang.

“Clay? Can you get it?” Dream almost responded, before clamping a hand to his mouth and gesturing for George to handle the situation. George left the food with Dream and went to answer the door.

George was aware that there was an uncle and aunt arriving tomorrow, but they had planned it so that Dream and George would have left before they arrived. So unless it was the aunt and uncle arriving early, George expected it to be a package of some sort.

It was neither.

George opened the door, trying desperately not to show his nerves. Two faces met his. Two unfamiliar faces. Two unfamiliar faces that definitely didn’t think he was unfamiliar. George froze

momentarily. He knew for a fact that these two people were not meant to be here, as Dream had told him about every single family member that could have shown up. But these two people? George had no idea who they were.

“Surprise!” The two people chorused, obviously interpreting George’s shocked expression differently, which was lucky. George snapped out of his fear, and smiled as best he could.

“You didn’t tell anyone you were coming?!” George knew this to be true, but the other two just laughed.

“Oh well, we managed to snag some last minute tickets and we thought we’d surprise you all!” One of them, a middle aged woman spoke.

“Well, I’m definitely surprised! Come on in then, we’re just about to have lunch.” George hoped he wasn’t inviting some over friendly murderers into the house, as he led them through to the dining room. Thankfully, based off of the positive reaction from the rest of the family, George figured he’d done the right thing.

As Liz and Jen got up from the table to hug the new arrivals, Dream caught George’s eye and signalled for George to join him in the kitchen.

George walked subtly to the kitchen and Dream started talking quickly.

“Ok so I had no idea Steve and Angie were actually coming, they live in Australia and had said previously that they could get plane tickets... Anyways yeah, Uncle Steve and Aunt Angie on my dad’s side, I call them just Steve and Angie. They’re like the cool Aunt and Uncle, they’re very up to date with tech and Steve played a big part in teaching me about computers when I was a kid, so you could probably just start a conversation about computers and you’d be fine. Questions?” George had hardly processed any of that information, but he decided that he had got the jist of it, so he shook his head wordlessly.

They walked out of the kitchen again, George carrying the pasta bake, and Dream bringing extra cutlery for Steve and Angie, who had taken a seat at the table already.

From there, everything actually went smoothly. George didn’t get asked too many questions luckily, and both him and Dream were able to keep quiet for most of the meal. Thanks to Dream, the pasta had come out extremely well, and everyone was singing “his” praises. George only felt

slightly bad for taking the credit.

After lunch, Liz suggested a walk into town, which Dream and George both politely declined. Luckily for them, Liz managed to convince Lily and Max to go on the walk with them, promising ice cream at some point. Shortly afterwards, Dream and George were alone in the house, and finally able to relax. They both retreated back to their room, both collapsing onto a bed each. They were both quiet, savouring the moment of relaxation, before George spoke.

“Wait so let me get this straight... that was Steve and Angie, your aunt and uncle who live in Australia, who nobody knew was coming, and they taught you about computers when you were a kid?”

“Yep.”

“Wow... ok. No pressure then.” George smirked. He had thought that two new family members who seemed to be very close to Dream that he knew nothing about just randomly arriving at the house would be stressful for him, but strangely enough, George didn’t feel too bothered. Maybe he was getting used to acting as Dream. Or maybe he was feeling more and more comfortable around Dream’s family, the more he spent time around them.

The pair didn’t talk much for the rest of the afternoon, mostly out of tiredness, or when they were busy on their phones, but their peaceful quiet was interrupted when the front door opened again, letting in the rest of the family.

Neither Dream or George felt compelled to move from the comfort of their beds, as rude as they felt in doing so, but thankfully Liz shouted up the stairs that she was making dinner and it would be ready soon.

The next hour passed, and dinner had been made, served and eaten. The family was still sat around the table, and the topic of conversation had switched to George’s experience of the town, which of course, Dream had to do some quick thinking to answer.

“So George, seeing as you’re going back tomorrow, how have you enjoyed your time here?” Liz wanted to know.

Dream thought for a second. “Yeah it’s been great, Clay showed me a really beautiful spot on the beach, and the town is really pretty. I’ve really enjoyed this short stay, seeing all of you, getting to

know the town a bit better. It's been nice." Dream glanced over at George, who gave a miniscule nod of approval.

"Oh! I know what we can do! Let's grab a glass of wine and I can show you Clay's baby pictures! Trust me, you'll want to see them!" Lis exclaimed as she jumped up from the table and motioned for everyone to follow her to the sitting room.

As soon as the rest of the family had started filing into the sitting room, Dream's face paled. He didn't care that he looked like George, he had already thought about what was about to happen. George seemed to be catching on too.

For the next hour, Dream was going to have to sit and coo at his own baby pictures. Without cringing, not once. George let out a giggle next to him, as he had obviously figured out as much.

Dream stood up. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes. He had to accept his fate, he had no choice. Putting on his best excited smile, Dream walked towards the sitting room, followed closely by George. Just before they entered the room, Dream turned back.

"Dude, remember, you're me. Which means while I have to smile and coo at my pictures, you're gonna have to do all the cringing for me. You're not allowed to find any of these cute, got it?"

George nodded, his grin falling to a grimace as he got into character. Dream turned back around again, and entered the room.

"Come on! Come sit!" Liz waved Dream over to a seat next to her, handing him a glass of wine.

Dream took the wine gratefully, and sat down, eyeing the three large volumes on his mother's lap. George sat near, close enough to still see the pictures, but far away enough to not make anyone think he actually wanted to see the photos.

Liz opened up the first book, cheerfully reading the title to the room.

"1999-2004!" Clay groaned inwardly. When his mother had said baby pictures, she meant baby pictures.

“I’m not drunk enough for this.” Dream muttered, quiet enough so that only George could hear. He took a big gulp from his wine glass, ignoring any questioning looks any of his family may have given him, and looked at the first page, seeing a little tubby baby wrapped in a towel.

This was going to be hard.

And so it was, as the next hour or so passed with everyone laughing and cooing at Dream’s cute little baby face, with George putting his head in his hands frequently, though both George and Dream knew it was to hide his own laughter, and with Dream downing a glass and a half of wine, and trying his best to laugh at the photos shoved in his face.

Funnily enough, after the first glass of wine, it got significantly easier to laugh at the embarrassing pictures.

Finally, at long last, Liz closed the third book, in which the last page contained a picture of an eight year old Dream with swimming shorts on his head making a sandcastle. Dream did his best to laugh along with the others, and George did his best not to.

After the laughter and joking subsided, Dream was quick to excuse himself.

“Well, that was a roller coaster! I’ve got to say, laughing at Clay’s cute little face has tired me out, so if you don’t mind I’ll head upstairs.” Dream stood up, feeling slightly wobbly due to his current state of intoxication, and exited the room after saying goodnight to everyone. George stayed only briefly to pretend to whine at Liz for showing the pictures, who apologised sarcastically, and then George followed his friend’s footsteps as well.

As soon as the bedroom door was closed behind him, George collapsed onto the floor, tears escaping his eyes as he gasped for air.

“Dude. It wasn’t even that funny.” Dream was still embarrassed by his entire family and George seeing him, age five, striking a catwalk pose, completely nude. And that was only one of the offending photos, there were many, many more that caused Dream to want to die inside as he smiled and laughed along with everyone else. He looked at George, who was still wheezing on the floor, and despite his sulk, he cracked a smile.

“You should’ve seen your f- face!” George gasped out through laughter.

Dream had to admit, it probably would've been a pretty amusing sight to someone who knew the true context of the situation. He was aware that he needed to work on his fake smiles.

“And- and when you- when you downed the rest of your wine!” George made air quotes with his fingers.

“I’m not drunk enough for this-” George collapsed into another fit of laughter as he quoted the words Dream had muttered.

“Well, I’m definitely drunk enough now.” Dream felt very light and there was a warm buzz inside him. Dream mentally thanked that feeling, as he would not have been able to last even ten minutes without the sweet intervention of alcohol. Despite feeling quite uncoordinated, Dream was still aware that he and George hadn’t packed, as they were leaving early the next day. He got up, leaving George to get over himself on the floor, and started picking up clothes and belongings.

George eventually sobered up enough to catch on to what Dream was doing. Together they quickly picked up everything and packed it away, before having a quick round of rock paper scissors and getting into bed. This time Dream only complained a bit. They lay in silence, on their phones, before George spoke.

“Guess I wasn’t lying when I said I would have a wine night with Liz.”

“You’re such an idiot.”

As the sun rose on the fourth and final day, George woke first. He glanced at the sleeping lump on the spare mattress, and decided to let him sleep in a little longer, knowing that he likely was up in the night trying to find a comfortable position.

George tiptoed out of bed and out of the room, and made his way down to the kitchen, where he put the kettle on, with the intention of making both him and Dream a coffee.

Because it was him and Dream’s last day with Dream’s family, most of them were awake to see them off. Liz was sipping on a coffee while scanning the newspaper, Jen and Angie were chatting quietly and Steve ruffled George’s hair when he stepped into the kitchen. They all offered a

greeting to him as he saw them.

“Morning Clay! Did you sleep well?” Liz greeted George warmly.

“Hey mom, yeah fine thanks.” George smiled back as he waited for the kettle to boil.

“So, have you had fun while you’ve been here? I hope George has enjoyed himself too, he’s such a lovely man.” Liz enquired, while making George’s heart soar. He felt so content around Dream’s family, so welcomed and loved. It made him so happy that they cared so much about “him”, even if the “him” they were referring to was actually Dream.

“I’ve had the best time, and George has too. He really likes you guys.” George said truthfully. Liz’s face lit up.

“That’s great to hear! Well, he’s welcome here anytime in the future. Now, do you have time for me to make you and him some breakfast before you leave?” George’s heart melted at Dream’s mother’s kind words. Without warning, he swept her into a tight hug.

“Thank you, that means a lot. And of course, I always have time for your amazing cooking.” George pulled away from the hug, smiling.

Liz got to work making scrambled eggs on toast, and George made his and Dream’s coffees. As if on cue, as soon as George had finished making the drinks, the man himself slouched into the kitchen.

“Hey George, I made you coffee, and mom is making us breakfast before we leave, does that sound good?” George handed Dream his drink, who took it and went to sit at the kitchen counter with it after mumbling his thanks.

Shortly afterwards, Liz had served two plates of scrambled eggs on toast to Dream and George, who hungrily wolfed it down, and within ten minutes their plates were both clean. George checked the time, 9:52, and realised that they were running a bit late. After both thanking Liz for the wonderful breakfast, Dream and George were back in their room, getting changed into comfortable travelling clothes and picking up their bags.

Just as they were leaving, the family came to say their goodbyes. George gave a hug to Lily, Max,

Jen, Steve, Angie, David and finally Liz. He then stood and watched as Dream gave a hug to Lily, Max, Jen, Angie and Liz, while giving respectful handshakes to Steve and David.

And finally, after all the goodbyes and well wishes, Dream and George were back in their car, bags packed and eyes set for home.

Dream was driving this time, as George drove on the way down. They were quiet for the first bit of the drive, taking a brief moment to relax after a pretty stressful few days. After they had gotten onto the main road, Dream spoke.

“So, what did you think?”

“Of what? The town, your family...?”

“All of it.”

George already knew his answer, but he didn’t know whether he could say it without Dream thinking he was weird. In the end, he decided to just tell the truth.

“The town was lovely, and the beach was great too, especially the cove you showed me. And your family was.. more than I could have ever hoped for.”

“In what way?”

“They were so kind, loving and welcoming. And I know I’ve met most of them before, but I’ve never stayed more than like an hour, and honestly I thought they didn’t like me. But staying with them, I just felt like I fit in. It was nice.” George’s voice had gradually got quieter and quieter as he spoke, finally ending in a mumble. Dream chuckled, ignoring the fact that he had missed the last couple of sentences.

“Glad to hear it.”

The rest of the drive was pretty uneventful. George took a nap for a bit, only to be woken up by Dream blasting the radio about an hour later. After scolding Dream for scaring him, they ended up

doing a bit of impromptu karaoke, before dissolving into fits of giggles.

At long last, Dream finally pulled up to their apartment complex. They had both decided not to message their third roommate when they were arriving, so as to surprise him. The pair finally opened the door to their apartment, and chucked their bags down before closing the door behind them.

As soon as the door clicked shut, both Dream and George froze as they heard a loud set of footfalls from within the apartment, getting louder. They turned to see Sappnap sprinting towards them, with seemingly no intention of slowing down.

Which he didn't.

Sappnap collided with his two roommates, tackling them to the ground in a smothering hug. He lay on top of them both, making sure they couldn't wiggle out from under him. Laughter filled the room as Dream and George struggled to escape, only to be squeezed tighter by Sappnap.

"Sappnap what the fu-" Dream tried to say, but was cut off by a finger to his lips.

"Sshh, let me love you."

Both Dream and George lay there, accepting that resistance was futile when Sappnap needed attention. Sappnap sighed contentedly.

"I missed you guys."

"No shit dude."

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

Sapnap notices something is off with his roommates, and finds that George struggling with some feelings for a certain someone...

Chapter Notes

Damn, after writing nearly 10k words centred around Dream and George being idiots, you can't blame me for a having a more Sapnap focused chapter... even if the chapter is more about George FINALLY telling Sapnap how hopelessly in love with Dream he is. Anyway, Sapnap is the bestest friend and he figuratively slaps some sense into the man. Let's hope George actually listens to him...

Sapnap stretched as he stood up from his chair. After a few long hours, his newest video was finally edited and ready to go. In need of a change of scenery, Sapnap left his room and went to get a glass of water from the kitchen.

While he was walking from his room to the kitchen, Sapnap couldn't help but pick up on the lack of noise in the apartment, it was unusually quiet. Normally, there would be at least one voice talking or shouting, either because his roommates were recording, or in call together, or if they were streaming, but today, there was nothing. Sapnap had a sneaking suspicion that something was wrong, and midway through walking to the kitchen he turned on his heel and went to the closest bedroom, knocking softly.

Sapnap heard a small noise from inside and opened the door slightly.

"Hey Dr- uh, George. Can I come in?" Sapnap faltered over his words as he remembered how difficult it was to remember who was who.

George nodded, and Sapnap quietly entered the room and sat on the end of the bed, facing George.

"It's not like you to be in bed at this time, you ok? Are you ill again or something?" Sapnap studied his friend's expression, trying to figure out what was wrong, because clearly there was something bothering him.

“I’m... ok, Sapnap. It’s nothing important.” George wasn’t even trying to hide his feelings, as he pushed himself up into a sitting position to talk to Sapnap.

“Well there’s clearly something bothering you, so what happened? Did I say something? Did Dream say something?” Sapnap caught a flicker of... something in his friend’s eyes as he mentioned their roommate’s name, and he assumed that he was on the right track.

“No.. neither of you said anything. Really, don’t worry Sapnap, it’s nothing that you can help with.” George mumbled, but Sapnap wasn’t about to leave his best friend feeling like this.

“Was it something that happened when you and Dream were away?” Sapnap saw George flinch ever so slightly, and he knew he was getting closer to the answer.

“Uh.. kinda. But as I said, I don’t think there’s anything that you or I can do, so it really isn’t important.”

Sapnap leaned forward and placed a hand on his friend’s shoulder. “Dude, even if it isn’t as important as you’re telling me, it’s clearly affecting you, and I don’t like seeing you sad. Just vent it out, I’m a great listener. Trust me, you’ll feel better.”

George couldn’t meet Sapnap’s gaze. He looked away, becoming particularly interested in a fly on the wall. Finally, he spoke.

“Promise you won’t hate me?”

“Of course.”

“I like Dream.”

Sapnap didn’t say anything at first, as he took in what George had said. He tried his best to push all the questions away for the time being as he tried to think of the best possible response.

“I’m ok with that. Are you ok with that?” Sapnap knew George knew what he meant. The other’s eyes were still searching the room, trying to find something, anything to look at as he thought.

“Yeah... I’m ok with it.... but I don’t think Dream will be.” George finally turned his head back to meet Sapnap’s gaze, and Sapnap could see his friend’s eyes glistening.

“What do you mean? Did something happen between you two while you were with his family?” Sapnap still didn’t understand what was making his friend so upset.

“Nothing happened.. I just... realised some things while I was there.” George paused, but when Sapnap remained silent, prompting him to explain, he continued.

“I think I’ve known that I like Dream a little more than normal for a while now, but there was something about being around his family, seeing how they treated us so lovingly and kindly, it made me... want to be a part of it. I was being dumb by leaning into these stupid fantasies and the more I thought about it, the more it hurt to keep my feelings to myself... but of course I was surrounded by these fantasies every waking minute of those days. Now we’re back, I realise that my feelings for Dream are so much stronger than they used to be. I realise that I like so much more than just his face, I like him, his laugh, his jokes, his family... everything.” George let out all his thoughts and feelings that had been forced down into a dark corner of his mind for so long. He felt vulnerable and ashamed that he wasn’t able to keep it all to himself and just let himself get over it, but the rush of relief that came with finally opening up to someone overrode the negative feelings.

“But,” George bit his lip and fought the urge to let his tears fall as he tried to say the next few painful words, “but the problem is, I have to get over those feelings, before I hurt him by clinging on to a stupid fantasy I’ve made up. I can’t ever let him know, because I can’t face losing him.” George lost the fight as tears spilled down his face silently.

Sapnap was taken aback. He had no idea that George had been keeping all these emotions to himself for so long, however the last part of George’s confession confused him.

“What do you mean? Why do you have to get over your feelings?” Sapnap wanted so badly to hug his friend, but he knew that if he did that he wouldn’t get further in the conversation, so he sat still, waiting for the other to respond.

“Don’t you get it? I need to get over myself and my stupid crush because I’m wasting my emotions on a straight guy who doesn’t even like me back, and can do a million times better than me. If I told Dream that I liked him, not only would I be rejected, I would very likely lose one of my best friends, and I am not about to do that.” Sapnap was beginning to see that problem.

“So, let me get this straight. You realised that you like Dream, but you’re convinced that he is never going to return your feelings because he’s apparently straight, doesn’t see you in that way, and would never go for you anyway, and so you desperately need to find a way to stop liking him so that you can keep the friendship you have?” George nodded as he wiped the tears off of his face.

“Ok.” Sapnap knew he had to talk some sense into his friend, because frankly, what he was hearing was absolute bullshit. “Firstly, I’m going to tell you to stop being dumb, because there’s no way you’ll listen to anything I’m going to say until you calm down and start thinking rationally.” Sapnap started gently. George’s eyes widened in surprise, and his mouth opened as if to argue, but instead he closed it and just nodded.

“Secondly, you don’t know for sure Dream is straight, so stop lying to yourself until you know for a fact. And don’t-” Sapnap put a hand up to stop George from interjecting, as he already knew what George was about to say. “-don’t tell me you know he’s straight because he’s dated girls before, I know, but have you heard of bisexuality or pansexuality?” That seemed to shut George up.

“And thirdly, you don’t know that he doesn’t like you back, and there’s no way I’m gonna let you talk yourself down like that. You are an amazing person, George, and you should never think that you don’t deserve someone.” Sapnap was unsure whether George believed him, but at least he had said what he wanted to say. It was up to George to decide whether he wanted to listen.

George was quiet as he absorbed everything Sapnap had said. His eyes were looking down at his hands, which were fiddling with the edge of his shirt.

“What if I’m right though?”

“Huh?”

“What if I am right, he doesn’t like me, he is straight, and I’m left here rejected, heartbroken, with a ruined friendship?” George said quietly.

“Well.. you’ll just have to.. move past it, I guess.. as hard as it might be. Just remember that whatever happens, if anything happens, I’ll support you, ok?” Sapnap could imagine how hard it would be, to open up to your best friend and have them throw your feelings back in your face. The only thing he could do was offer his reassurance to his friend. “And anyway,” he added, “from the way he looked at you, before the switch, I don’t think you have to worry too much, trust me.”

George sniffled, and nodded. "I'm not sure I believe you, but thank you."

Sapnap smiled, knowing that that was the best he would get from his friend. He changed the subject, talking about one of George's videos, not really expecting George to engage in the conversation. He just kept chatting, letting the other sort through his thoughts and feelings. Eventually, George started responding to Sapnap's mindless chatter, and seemed to be in a better place, or at least better than when Sapnap found him not too long ago.

They kept chatting, George kept his mind off of Dream, and Sapnap kept up a gentle and friendly exterior. However, while his exterior was presenting a light and carefree attitude, on the inside, Sapnap was worried for his friend.

He didn't want to see either of his roommates hurt. He didn't want George to be heartbroken by his best friend and lose a powerful friendship. All he could do was offer his support to both of them and hope for the best.

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Dream asks Sapnap for some help with a couple feelings...

Chapter Notes

If Dream and George are gonna suffer because they think their feelings are unrequited, i gotta make Sapnap suffer because he knows their feelings are mutual but he can't do anything about it... it's only fair.

but anyway, we're getting close to the end, only three more chapters to go! thank you so much to all the lovely people who have commented on the chapters and everyone who's left kudos, it means the world to me that people are appreciating my writing <3

Sapnap closed the door behind him, leaving George to do his own thing, and finally headed into the kitchen to grab a glass of water. He and George had stayed talking for a while, before Sapnap remembered that he had a video to post. Sapnap was glad that George trusted him to confess his feelings about Dream, and he sincerely hoped that things would work out for his roommates, even if he could tell he would end up third wheeling hard.

Sapnap took a sip of his water as he turned to leave the kitchen, but was stopped by a person in the doorway, an anxious expression on their face.

“Hey uh, Sapnap? Can I talk to you about something?” Dream looked like he had an internal conflict going on, and Sapnap, despite really needing to post his video, pushed all other commitments aside and nodded.

“Sure, what do you need to talk about?” Sapnap watched Dream glance nervously at the door to his room, where George was currently.

“Can we go somewhere.. else?” Sapnap caught on immediately, and gestured towards his own room, which was the furthest from Dream’s. The two made their way into the room, making sure to close the door behind them, and sat down across from each other.

“So what’s up?” Sapnap prompted, watching Dream’s expression carefully.

“So uhh... I don’t really know how to go about saying this but uh.. I have an issue.” Sapnap stayed quiet, waiting for Dream to elaborate.

“The issue is... that I like someone.” Sapnap’s heart dropped. This could turn out to be perfect timing, or disastrous.

“Ok... what’s the issue here?” Sapnap asked further.

“They’re... a boy.” Dream was anxiously searching Sapnap’s face for a negative reaction, which he did not find. Sapnap found himself repeating the words he had said earlier.

“I’m ok with that, are you?”

“Well uh... I don’t know. That’s the issue.” Sapnap raised an eyebrow.

“No! I don’t mean it like that, I’m ok with the idea of liking a boy, but I don’t know if I’m ok with liking this specific boy.”

“Oh? Why?” Sapnap didn’t quite understand what Dream was getting at.

“Because... I care about him too much.”

“Surely that’s a reason to want to get with him?”

“Well yeah, normally it would be, but the problem is, I care too much about him, his friendship, that I couldn’t bear to lose him because of some stupid feelings.”

Huh. That sounded familiar. *Wait.*

“Dream, do you like George?” Dream looked shocked as Sapnap guessed correctly.

“How did you know?”

“I mean, coming from the person who’s known you for literally almost a decade, it’s pretty obvious.”

“It is?” Sapnap still saw a conflict in his best friend’s eyes, and he knew there was still something wrong.

“What is it? What are you thinking about? I can tell you’re still bothered by something.” Sapnap asked gently.

Dream looked surprised that his friend could read him so easily, but he shook it off, took a deep breath and explained.

“Well, up until very recently, I was so sure I was straight. I’d never really seen guys in a romantic way, and I’d dated girls and was happy with them. But after moving in with George, I started noticing this weird feeling I got when I was around him. Until not too long ago, I’d dismissed it as liking his physical appearance, which I thought was completely normal. But obviously, after we switched, I couldn’t see his face or body, but the feeling stayed.” Things were beginning to fall into place for Sapnap, but he stayed quiet and let Dream talk.

“So my issue is, what do I do with this feeling that I’m not even sure is a crush? How can I tell if I actually like him? And what do I do if I do like him? Do I tell him? What if he doesn’t like me and I ruin everything? What if-” Dream stopped abruptly as two hands were placed on his shoulders.

“Dude. Stop talking. You’re gonna give yourself a panic attack.” Once Sapnap was sure that Dream had heard him, he took his hands back off of his shoulders and sat back down.

“Ok, so what I’m hearing is you’ve recently realised that you might not be straight, and you’re surprised. What was it that made you question?” Sapnap broke down the whole situation.

“A couple things, actually. There was a text conversation that we had when I went out the morning after we got wasted, I felt like I could pretend that everything was normal and I pictured George’s face when I talked to him. The conversation kind of speaks for itself really.” Dream pulled out his phone and pulled up the conversation, and showed it to Sapnap, who whistled.

“Damn, you’ve got better game than me, and that was unintentional.” He laughed, earning a small chuckle from the other. “But yeah, I see what you mean.”

“Right?” Dream put his phone back in his pocket. “And there was another time, the day before we left, after I fell asleep from George’s anti-allergy medicine, I had a dream where.. where... we were about to kiss.” Sapnap’s eyes widened.

“About to? What stopped you?”

“George woke me up.”

“That must have been fun to deal with.”

“Don’t even start.” Dream didn’t want to remember the hours he lay awake, trying to decipher his feelings, the dream, everything.

“Ok, I’d say those are pretty strong reasons to cause you to question your sexuality. Do you want to label it? You don’t have to if you don’t want to though.” Sapnap asked.

“Uh bisexual, I guess? I don’t really know much about the other ones, so I guess I’ll just say that.”

“That’s fair enough. So back to your issue, we’ve established that you like George, yes?” Sapnap was looking for confirmation.

“Yeah.” Dream said shyly.

“So now, your problem is that you don’t know whether you should tell him, because you don’t know if he likes you back, and if he doesn’t, you don’t want to ruin a friendship?”

“Yeah... and also I feel weird telling him now, because he looks like me.”

Sapnap was doing a fantastic job of keeping up a poker face, but on the inside he wanted to bang his head on the nearest wall. He loved his roommates to death, but sometimes they were just so incredibly dumb. Sapnap wanted so badly to be able to tell Dream that George felt the same way, and that he was too scared for the same reasons, but he knew this was something they had to figure out themselves, heck, this could actually be the thing that breaks the spell, which was all the more reason to not intervene.

“Ok, trust me on this one, just tell him. Forget about what his answer could be, just tell him your feelings and don’t expect an answer. That way, he can choose what he does with that information. Either you’re pleasantly surprised, or you never have to talk about it again.” Sapnap did his best not to give away that he knew something Dream didn’t.

“But what about the whole ‘he looks like me and that’s weird’ thing?”

“Then just close your eyes dude, pretend everything is back to normal.”

Dream was quiet as he thought about the possibility.

“You know, that might not be the worst idea.”

Chapter 14

Chapter Summary

It's movie night again for Dream and George, when a storm causes an unexpected powercut.

Chapter Notes

Aaaaahhhh it's here it's here this is not a drill it's finally here I'm so scared, I hope you guys like it!! I can't believe there are only two chapters left, and then this story is completed! As always, I hope you enjoy and thank you for the amazing support! <3

“Alright, I’ll see you guys later!” Sapnap shouted as he walked out the door. He heard two muffled shouts in return just as the door closed. Sapnap pulled up his messages to Bad.

Sapnap: Ay yo I’m just leaving, I’ll be around soon

Bad: See you soon :P

After Sapnap had talked to both of his roommates and learned about their shared feelings, he knew that he had to do something to get them talking. He decided that leaving them alone for an evening could be a good start, considering the little pep talk he gave to Dream not too long ago. Sapnap had his fingers crossed mentally and sometimes physically as he got in his uber to Bad’s house, where he would be spending the evening.

“You guys better not fuck this up.” Sapnap muttered under his breath as he walked up to Bad’s house.

“I don’t think it’s gonna be possible to record, George.” Dream said as he heard rain start to patter against his window. “It’s forecast for a storm, and the rain and thunder will interfere with the audio.”

The pair had been about to record a simple ‘speedrunner vs assassin’ video, with George being the speedrunner and Dream being the assassin. At this point, recording wasn’t much of a problem for them, as they were so comfortable with acting as each other. However, the weather in Florida didn’t care how easy it was for the two of them to record videos.

“Yeah, you’re probably right. So what should we do instead?” George leaned back in his chair, also noticing the rain starting to pour down outside.

“I don’t know, wanna watch a movie or something?” Dream suggested.

“Uh.. sure. Hold on, I’ll be there in a second.” George left the discord call and closed down the computer, before leaving the room and heading to the sitting room, where Dream was already waiting.

“What do you wanna watch?” Dream was already flicking through netflix as George sat down next to him.

“I don’t really care, as long as it’s not horror.” George said as Dream hovered over a particularly gruesome film. Dream laughed and kept scrolling. They both knew that Dream hated horror just as much as George.

They ended up choosing a cheesy rom-com, and after grabbing a drink and some snacks, they started the film.

It was about halfway through when the pair saw a bright flash through the apartment windows, followed by a crash of thunder, and suddenly, the two men were plunged into darkness.

“Damnit, powercut.” Dream sighed. It was so dark he couldn’t even see George next to him, and he was sure it was the same for the other. It was like he’d closed his eyes.

It was like he’d closed his eyes.

“We can use our phone flashlights-” George went to lean forward to grab his phone off of the table in front of them, but stopped abruptly as he felt a hand on his arm.

“No. wait. There’s something I need to say, but I can’t say it to your face. I can’t say it to *my* face.” Dream took a breath, drawing courage from the darkness and Sapnap’s words echoing through his head. *Just close your eyes, pretend everything is back to normal.* Dream saw the blackout as a sign, the universe was telling him to close his eyes. So he did, and he started speaking.

“There’s this feeling, it’s been around for some time now. I never really knew why it was there, or where it came from, but it was there, and it grew stronger. I tried to push it away but each time it came right back, stronger and stronger. I started realising that this feeling was connected to someone. Or rather, someone’s personality, and the more I was around that personality, the more I realised that it was less about physical attraction, and more about the person I was getting to know.”

Dream squeezed his eyes shut tighter and took another breath before continuing.

“I like you, George. Not just physically, as I had made myself believe, but everything about you. Being switched with you meant that the only thing I could interact with was your personality, and it made me realise that I had well and truly fallen for everything about you.” Dream let out a breath as he finally communicated the feeling that had confused him for so long.

“I.. I don’t expect you to like me back or anything, I just... had to get it off my chest.” Dream wanted to curl into a ball and forget about everything in the short silence that followed his confession.

“What makes you think I don’t like you back?” Dream’s eyes snapped open, not that it helped him see anything clearer. Hearing those words well and truly shocked him, but they weren’t done yet.

“What makes you think I hadn’t already fallen for you before this whole thing? What if I told you that I already had feelings for you well before we switched, but I swore to myself never to tell anyone out of respect to you, your sexuality and for the sake of our friendship?” George’s voice was choked with emotion as he finally let all his thoughts and feelings from the last few months spill out in front of his friend.

“George, I-” Dream was stopped suddenly by the lights flickering back on. He took in his friend’s expression, even though he couldn’t see the colour he knew he was blushing, as was he, based off of the heat he felt in his cheeks.

Dream’s immersion had vanished, he was back to being George, looking at his friend in his body.

If only the power had stayed out for just a few more seconds, then he might have been able to say what he was meaning to say.

“It doesn’t feel right, the way we are now, to say this.” Dream said instead. “I want to wait until everything is back to normal, and then I can look you, not me, in the eyes and say what I want to say. But for now...” Dream closed his eyes again, imagining that it was George’s face in front of him. He thought back to the night that everything happened, he thought about the chaos that followed. He remembered reading the conditions that would break the spell, and suddenly he had an idea.

“I trust you, George.”

George’s heart was pumping wildly. He cursed the lights for cutting Dream off, just before he was about to say it. But he agreed with the other, it wasn’t the right time. He closed his eyes, trying to re-immense himself into his imagination where everything was normal again.

“I trust you too, Dream.”

They both knew what each other meant to say, what they wanted to say. But this was enough, for now.

With small smiles on their faces, they turned their attention back to the movie that had started playing again after regaining power, although the two had both fallen fast asleep together well before it finished. Which was slightly odd, seeing as it was barely even 8pm.

Sapnap returned to the apartment much later that evening, and upon noticing his two roommates, who were now sleeping peacefully together on the couch, he crossed his fingers once more, muttering a brief prayer to whatever higher power watched over them.

Sapnap quietly turned the TV off and left his friends to rest, but not before sneaking a photo to send to Bad.

Chapter 15

Chapter Summary

George wakes up the next morning and sees a face he hasn't seen for a while...

George woke up the next morning feeling... different. He couldn't quite determine why, all he knew was that he felt different and... warm.

As he came to his senses, blinking a few times, George became aware of an arm snaked around his waist, that was keeping him securely held against a warm body behind him. George couldn't tell who's arm it was, so he shifted around so that he was facing the body that held him captive. George let out a gasp as his eyes focused on the face in front of him.

All at once, George was flooded with emotions, thoughts, feelings. He stared at the peaceful face of the sleeping figure in front of him, his eyes widened in shock, happiness, and confusion. His sleepy brain was slow on the uptake, but now George was reminded of the events of the night before.

He remembered the powercut. Sitting in the pitch black. Dream's confession. *His confession*. And then nothing. George assumed they had fallen asleep. The emotions he had felt back then resurfaced, hitting him once again with a wave of surprise, excitement and pure joy. George stopped staring at the sleeping man and instead shook his shoulder gently.

"Dream. Dream! Wake up!" George half whispered, grinning from ear to ear as he waited for the other to stir.

"Whaa?" Dream's eyes fluttered open, and after a couple blinks, they focused on George.

George had the pleasure of watching Dream cycle through all the emotions he had just previously gone through not even minutes before, and he just stayed still, smiling as Dream took in what he was seeing. After a few seconds, Dream's face broke into a huge grin too.

"We've been absolute idiots, haven't we?" Dream chuckled. "We could have saved us so much stress if we had just been honest with each other. Literally this entire switch wouldn't have happened!"

“Yep.” George chuckled.

The pair hugged tightly, laughing as everything fell into place. They both couldn’t believe they’d been so stupid, but it didn’t matter now. What mattered now was that they were back to normal, and they could get lost in each others’ eyes again.

After a few minutes, the pair broke apart.

“I don’t know about you, but I’m starving.” Dream said as he got up from the couch and stretched.

“Me too, let’s go make breakfast.” George stood up and followed Dream to the kitchen.

They moved about the space, George made their coffees while Dream took care of some toast. All the while they were talking about everything that had happened in the past 24 hours. Dream had just finished telling George about his conversation with Sapnap when the man himself walked in.

“Hey Sapnap.” Both Dream and George greeted their roommate. Sapnap looked between the two anxiously, as if trying to work something out.

“Hey... Dream?” Sapnap looked at Dream as he spoke, as if testing a theory. Dream knew immediately what Sapnap was thinking, and instead of telling his friend the news, he suddenly had a purely evil idea. He put on his English accent, which he had perfected pretty well over the past week, and tilted his head in pretend confusion.

“Sapnap it’s George, remember? We switched?” Dream heard George cough lightly, as if to cover up a snicker.

Sapnap’s face fell, but he was quick to put a smile back on his face. “Yeah of course, I just.. nevermind.” Dream immediately felt bad for his friend, and rushed to wrap him in a hug.

“I’m kidding, idiot.” He dropped his accent, letting his true American accent through. “We switched back last night.” Dream felt Sapnap freeze in his arms, before he wrenched himself out of the hug, staring at Dream.

“What?!” Dream was laughing now, as was George, who stood not too far behind. Sapnap looked from one to the other in complete shock, utterly speechless. Then he too burst out laughing.

“Yes! Let’s GO!” Sapnap shouted as he pulled the other two into a hug. They stayed like that, letting their coffee go cold, just laughing together.

Finally, Sapnap pulled out of the hug, smiling.

“Dude, you have no idea how relieved I am that I don’t have to keep calling you the wrong names.” They all laughed again, before launching into another discussion about everything that happened. Once Dream and George had caught Sapnap up with the events of the previous night, Sapnap went off to call Bad to tell him the news, leaving the other two to themselves.

Dream turned to George, who was sipping his now cold coffee. He remembered a theory he had thought of when the three of them had been talking just before.

“I was thinking about the spell, one of the lines.” Dream broke the silence that Sapnap had left them in. “May their bodies be switched, to teach a lesson or in jest... maybe we were switched not so we could learn something, but so we could teach each other a lesson? I was thinking about what it could have been to actually reverse the spell, and well, I needed to spend time with you so that you could teach me that it wasn’t just your physical features I found attractive, and then in turn I could teach you that your feelings weren’t unrequited.” Dream watched George’s face as he processed Dream’s idea.

“I think you’re right.” George agreed as he hopped up to sit on the counter, facing the other. George gazed into the other’s eyes. Even though he was colourblind again, it was easier this time, because George could still remember what Dream’s eyes looked like from the countless times he’d stood in front of a mirror staring at them.

George sighed contentedly. It was so nice, to finally be able to get lost in the other’s eyes, and this time, he knew that the other was doing the same.

As they looked at each other, Dream suddenly remembered the last thing he had said before falling asleep, and realised that there was something he still needed to say.

Dream moved closer to George. They were at the same level, since George was sat on the counter.

“Since we’re back to normal, I think there’s something I need to tell you.” Dream’s voice lowered to a whisper, as he moved closer and closer.

George realised what was about to happen, what he had been hopelessly pining for for months. He instinctively leaned forward, until they could feel each other’s breaths against their faces.

Dream’s eyes flicked down to the others lips, asking for permission. George took the opportunity and closed the gap immediately, feeling a rush of emotions as he finally kissed Dream. He snaked his arms around the taller male’s neck, drawing him closer. He didn’t want to let go.

Dream felt George’s lips touch his and his heart soared. This was what he wanted, what he needed, what he had been needing for weeks. He felt like an idiot for not realising sooner. He leaned into the kiss, placing his hands round the smaller male’s waist as he felt the other’s arms around his neck.

They finally broke apart, catching their breath. Dream pressed his forehead against George’s, smiling.

“I love you, George.”

“I love you too, Dream.”

Chapter 16

Chapter Summary

Dream and George enjoy a sunset together on the beach, and decide what to do with their relationship. Then they have another pizza night with Bad and Sapnap.

Chapter Notes

I cannot believe I'm saying this, but... I hope you enjoy the final chapter of this story! It has been so much fun writing this and the support that it's received has been amazing! I'm so happy that so many people have enjoyed my work, and while I'm sorry that it's ending, I'm also really proud of myself for finishing it. Thank you again to everyone who has commented or left a kudo, it means the world to me. And now... without further ado.. please enjoy the final chapter of this rollercoaster of a fic! <33

Dream watched the sun begin to hide behind the horizon, he watched as the bright and beautiful colours of the sky faded from yellow, to orange, and eventually to a purple blue, as night began to take the place of day. The lack of sun meant that it was starting to get colder, the more the sun disappeared from view, but Dream didn't feel the slightest bit cold.

Not when he was with George.

George was watching the sunset too, but he was more interested in the blue tones creeping into the last of the yellow hues. He was more interested in the stars that were beginning to twinkle as darkness fell. George inhaled deeply, breathing in the refreshingly cold sea air of the beach.

Dream wrapped his arm tighter around the shorter male, his heart melting as the other rested his head on his shoulder. He turned his head away from the fading light to look at George, who lifted his head, sensing the movement, to look at him.

"I'm glad you got the chance to experience seeing colour, because at least you can picture what this sunset looks like." Dream commented quietly.

George smiled, his eyes twinkling like the many stars above him. "I don't really care about the sunset, I'm happier just being with you as you watch it. And besides, I think you look a thousand times better than a few pretty colours, so you tell me who has the better view." George shamelessly

flirted, unknowing of the slap of déjà vu he had just triggered for Dream.

Dream's smile dropped for a second as George's words reminded him of something incredibly familiar. The dream. He hadn't even had the chance to even mention it to George, yet somehow it was as if George already knew.

"You know, it's funny you would say that.." Dream started retelling his dream to George, who seemed to find it amusing.

"-we were about to kiss, and then you woke me up." Dream finished recounting the story, and George laughed softly.

"Well I'm sorry I interrupted you, but we really did have to leave and I had already delayed waking you up as much as possible..." George's face lit up with a mischievous smirk.

"But how about we pick up where we left off? Make that dream a reality?" Dream smirked as George leant forward, and touched their noses together teasingly.

"You don't have to ask me twice." Dream whispered as he gently moved a hand behind George's neck and connected their lips.

It was a short, loving kiss, neither wanting to take anything too far just yet. They were both still settling into their new relationship, and wanted to take things slowly. Dream ran his hand through the other's hair, causing him to let out a sigh from the sensation. George just leaned into the kiss, taking in every little detail.

They broke apart, catching their breaths. Dream moved his hand from behind George's neck to the side of his face, using his thumb to stroke his jawline. George melted into the small gesture, enjoying the rush of endorphins that flowed through his body.

The pair sat together, alone on the beach which was now drenched in darkness, illuminated only by a few streetlights. They sat in comfortable silence, enjoying each others' company, getting lost in each others' eyes. After a few minutes, Dream spoke up, asking a question that had been on his mind since he and George had confessed to each other.

"So what are we? We didn't really get the chance to talk about this properly before." Dream started

shyly.

“Um, well, I really want to be with you, I want to see where things go with us, I-” Dream stopped the other by placing a quick kiss on the lips. He didn’t need to hear anything more.

“Boyfriends?” was all he said, and George’s expression of mild confusion melted into pure happiness.

“Boyfriends.” The pair were both grinning ear to ear. George shuffled closer to Dream, placing his head back on his shoulder. They stayed like that for a while, listening only to the gentle ripples of the water in front of them, and each others’ breaths gently inhaling and exhaling. George had to admit, it was incredibly soporific, and he felt his eyelids begin to slide shut, just before a loud notification brought him back to his senses.

Dream muttered curses under his breath as he pulled his phone out, before smiling at the message on his screen.

Sapnap: Bad just arrived so stop making out on the beach and get your asses back here to come say hi ;)

Dream snorted at his friend’s humour and showed the message to George, who laughed as well. He quickly typed out a reply.

Dream: dude I didn’t know you could see us from our apartment ;) xD

George had been looking over Dream’s shoulder as he wrote the reply, and he giggled as the message was sent.

“You’re such a liar.” He whispered as Dream turned off his phone and went to stand up. Dream chuckled as he extended a hand to help George up.

“If you’re so worried, I’m sure we can make it the truth a bit later...” Dream only laughed harder at the crimson blush that appeared on his boyfriend’s cheeks.

Together, they packed up everything they had brought to the beach. It wasn't much, seeing as they'd decided to go at such short notice. The pair had spent the day talking to friends, enjoying being able to be themselves again, and they also recorded a video with Sapnap, although most of the recording was Dream enjoying being able to speedrun properly again.

After recording, which had taken most of the afternoon, Dream and George had left the apartment with just a blanket and their phones, and headed to the beach, which was less than ten minutes from their apartment.

From there they had talked for hours, about everything, and not once did either get bored. Now, hours later, the pair were folding up the blanket they had sat on and were walking back to their apartment.

"Hey, I can't remember if I ever told you, but I have plans to see my family over christmas?" George asked as they walked. Christmas was less than a month away and George was going back to England in a week or two.

"You might have mentioned it at one point, why do you ask?" Dream answered.

"Because... I was wondering if you wanted to come with me?" George asked quietly.

Dream considered the offer. He didn't have any other plans over christmas, and he knew Sapnap was going back home to his family, so that would mean he would be on his own for christmas. The answer was pretty simple.

"Of course, I'd love to! But uh, who are you going to introduce me to your family as?" Dream enquired.

George was quiet, thinking for a moment. He knew what Dream was getting at, but he knew his family would be supportive.

"I'll say it like this. Hello my dear family-" George gestured dramatically, acting out the scene. "-it is I, George, and my dreamy boyfriend, Clay!" Dream laughed at his boyfriend's theatrics.

"You might have to tone it down a bit, but other than that I'd say it's perfect." Dream said through wheezes.

The two continued laughing and joking together, right up until they arrived at the door of their apartment.

Upon entering the apartment, they were met with a squeal and were both enveloped in tight hugs before they could properly register what was happening.

“Oh my goodness you guys! It’s so great to see you two!” Bad stepped back from his hug to smile at the pair. Sapnap stood not too far behind.

“Hey Bad!” Dream and George greeted the other. Dream picked up on a smell coming from the kitchen.

“What’s in the kitchen?” He asked, and Bad and Sapnap began to laugh. Bad quickly ran into the kitchen, returning with three thin boxes that looked very familiar.

“I thought we could have a pizza night again, for the symbolism- Dream?!” Bad stopped mid sentence as Dream dramatically collapsed into George’s arms, pretending to pass out.

“Dream, stop being so dramatic, you know it wasn’t the pizza that started it.” George giggled, as he struggled to hold the taller man up.

“But... the memories... never again...” Dream whispered, his mouth twitching as he held back a smile. George rolled his eyes and promptly dropped his boyfriend, letting him slide all the way to the floor. At this point, Sapnap and Bad were almost crying laughing as they watched the scene unfold.

Dream let out a small whine, pretending to be hurt, which got George’s attention. He pouted up at his boyfriend, who smiled softly and extended a hand to help him up. Dream almost felt bad for what he was about to do. Unfortunately for George, not bad enough.

Dream took the hand and pulled, causing George to lose his balance and come crashing down next to him. Dream burst out laughing as George lay next to him, looking surprised and betrayed. It wasn’t long before all four of them were laughing.

“Jeez guys, get a room.” Sapnap was the first to compose himself. “Come on, the pizza’s gonna get cold and we still haven’t told Bad the whole story!” Sapnap rounded up the group, and they headed to the sitting room once again.

Sapnap and Bad took one couch, while Dream and George took the other, and they started talking. Dream and George told Bad all about their week, explaining everything they had to do, and Sapnap jumped in a few times to give his perspective. Bad listened in amazement at the amount of things they managed to get away with.

“I can’t believe you thought it was a good idea to go on Tommy’s stream and bet all his diamonds that you could do a convincing English accent, George! You could have been asked so many questions!” Bad said incredulously. George laughed, he knew Bad would have reacted like this.

“I never said I thought it was a good idea... but it was pretty funny.” George responded, giggling.

They continued chatting well into the night. After a while, the conversation died down as Dream and George finished telling Bad about the events of the past week. In the brief silence that occurred, Bad took the opportunity to reach into the bag he had brought with him.

“Well then,” Bad pulled something out of his bag and showed it to the other three. “Are you guys ready for round two?” Both Dream and George yelled in a mixture of fear and dread as they realised what Bad was holding.

“NO!”

“PUT IT AWAY!” Both Dream and George physically moved away from the little book, as if even being near it would cast another stupid spell on them. Bad and Sapnap had tears in their eyes again as they wheezed with laughter.

“Ok ok, I’ll put it away..” Bad eventually calmed down enough to speak, as he wiped tears from his eyes. “But you should’ve seen your faces!”

It took another few minutes for Sapnap and Bad to stop laughing, and for Dream and George’s hearts to stop pounding. Eventually, Dream relaxed back into the couch, and George, who had ended up practically in Dream’s lap, shuffled around a bit to get comfortable, before also relaxing.

Dream zoned out of the conversation that followed. He was too busy looking at his boyfriend. The way his eyes sparkled when he laughed, the way he bit his lip ever so slightly when he was listening. Dream couldn't believe he hadn't realised his feelings sooner. He smiled, basking in the warmth and happiness that radiated off of the person on his lap. It took him a second to realise that the person was staring back at him.

“What are you looking at?” George said, just quiet enough so that only his boyfriend could hear.

“You.” Dream didn't see a reason to make an excuse.

“Why?”

“Because I love you.”

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!